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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 1 JANUARY 1947

TOMORROW

Berta Huish Christensen

She stands upon the threshold of the years,
The call of far horizons in her eyes,
But in her woman heart there are no fears
Of what may come, for deep within her lies
A courage and a strength she does not name,
But senses as her heritage—a shield
Against the starless night from those who came
On patient feet to plant a desert field.

She does not shun the challenge, does not ask
That time allay for her its stern demands;
To mold tomorrow's promise is her task—
A sacred trust within her fragile hands.
She only begs, in prayer, for help to be
Equal to fill, with grace, her destiny.

THE COVER: "The Future Beckons," photograph by Willard Luce, posed by Mrs. Ardus Strong, Ogden, Utah, in a costume furnished by the Provo Chapter, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

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PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD
Painted by Alvin L. Gittins

Bancroft Library
University of California
WITHDRAWN

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The New Year

RELIEF SOCIETY women the world over, as a band of united sisters, greet the new year with hearts filled with faith and courage. Like Janus of old, we stand with faces turned both ways. We look at the departed year, sorrowful over the unrighteousness that has brought so much anxiety and suffering, but grateful for the fidelity to right and the fortitude that have carried us through. We rejoice that out of the welter of our own personal trials we have been able to rise and serve one another.

We look toward the new year, fully aware that it will not let us rest from our labors, neither slacken our watchcare over that which is good. We realize, however, that the experiences of the past year have given us increased strength to walk the road ahead; and, through the darkness and despair, we see the light of the gospel burning steady and true. With calm assurance of its unfailing guidance and sustaining power, we accept the tasks that lie ahead and face the future unafraid.

Ours is a healing mission requiring the larger heart, the kindlier touch, the steadier will; it is a work of many skills, requiring the alert mind, the measured judgment, the trained hand. Ours is not easy work—it was never intended to be so; but it is work, the bountiful fruits of which are joy, satisfaction, and growth.

With hearts filled with love and tenderness, with hands held out to service, with minds awake to that which is right, we will work toward nobler modes of life, confident that a kind and all-wise Father will bless our labors through another year.

The love and prayers of the General Board are with our Relief Society sisters throughout the world. May the new year bring to each of us, strength for her tasks, joy in service, and success commensurate with her righteous efforts.

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Gertrude R. Garff
General Presidency

Unveiling of the Portrait of President Belle S. Spafford

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

IT was a pleasant and memorable occasion for those assembled on Wednesday, November 6, 1946, when the portrait of President Belle S. Spafford was unveiled, in the Relief Society General Board room in the Bishop's Building, by Mary Spafford Kemp, daughter of President Spafford. Others in attendance at the unveiling were members of the General Board of Relief Society, Brothers W. Earl Spafford, Earl Spafford, and Clarence W. Kemp, husband, son, and son-in-law, respectively, of Sister Spafford, and other relatives and close friends of Sister Spafford.

With the completion of this portrait, Relief Society now owns a gallery of portraits including all of the nine women who have presided over Relief Society since its organization in 1842.

The portrait of President Spafford was painted by the young London artist, Alvin L. Gittins, a member of the Church. He and his wife were present at the ceremony.

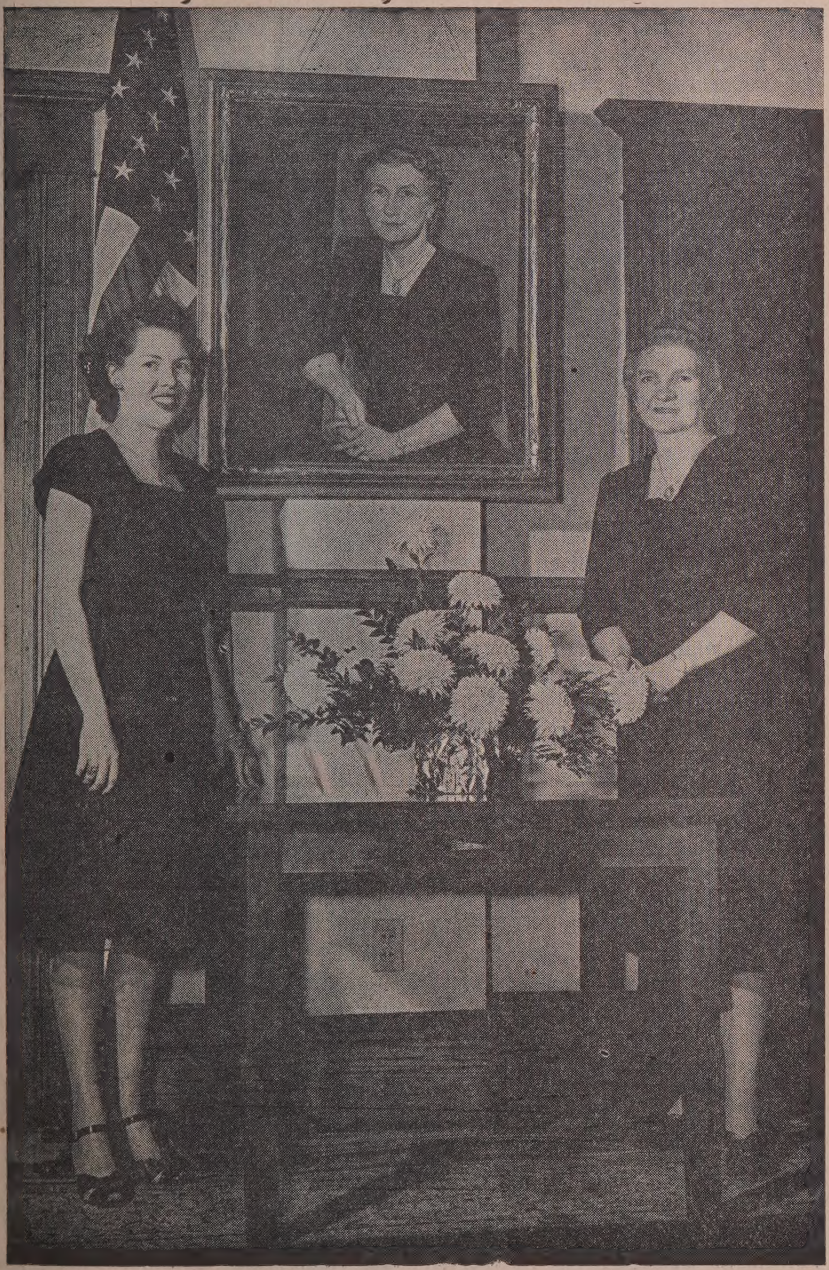
Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering, during her remarks concerning the painting of the portrait, compared a portrait to a "biography done with a brush instead of a pen." It was the consensus of opinion of those who were present, that this portrait is not a mere likeness but that it is, in truth, a "biography done with a brush," revealing the great strength of character possessed by President Spafford, tempered by her spirit of obedience and humility.

All who saw the portrait seemed to be in agreement with Sister Pickering, that "Brother Gittins has clearly portrayed Sister Spafford's intelligent, alert expression that we all know so well and admire so much; bright eyes that look out calmly, see clearly, and are unafraid; and, withal, a personality of charm, courage, and capability, befitting the leader of a great woman's organization."

Following the unveiling ceremony, an informal reception was held for former members of the Relief Society General Board who have served on the Board since Sister Spafford was called in 1935, and members of the General Board staff.

Members of the general committee in charge of arrangements for the occasion were Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, and Leone O. Jacobs, of the General Board. Former president Amy Brown Lyman and Tessie Smith Johnston, sister of President Spafford, presided at the refreshment table.

Relief Society members throughout the Church will be interested in calling at the Relief Society headquarters when they are in Salt Lake City, and viewing this portrait of President Spafford.



AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

Left: Mary Spafford Kemp, daughter of President Spafford, who unveiled the portrait, and President Spafford.

A New Latter-Day Saint Artist

Dr. Gerritt de Jong, Jr.

Dean of the College of Fine Arts, Brigham Young University

A NEW and radiant light has appeared on the Latter-day Saint and Utah art horizons in the person of Alvin L. Gittins, who painted the beautiful portrait of Sister Belle S. Spafford, President of the Relief Society, found reproduced in this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Although he is but in his twenty-fifth year, and has been in Utah only since last January, his work has evoked the enthusiastic commendation of all the local artists who have become acquainted with it.

ALVIN L. GITTINS

Alvin Loraine Gittins was born on January 17th, 1922, at Kidderminster, Worcestershire, England, the son of William L. and Esther Chance Gittins. Since his parents were both converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints before their marriage, the artist was born and reared within the Church. So much did he associate with missionaries and others who had come to England from the United States, that his schoolmates at times nicknamed him "Yank".

After completing his elementary education, Alvin won a scholarship to the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School at Hartlebury. After graduation from this school, encouraged by its headmaster, George H. Ashe, who was a gifted artist himself, young Alvin studied for three years at the Kidderminster College of Art. Here, he pursued all branches of art, and received thorough training under such well-known teachers as Cyril Lavenstein of the Royal Burlingham Society of Artists, and W. E. Daly, Associate in the Royal College of Art.

After spending three years at the Kidderminster College, he was called on a mission for the Church. He served for twenty-five months in England under Andre K. Anastasiou, then acting president of the British Mission. The last thirteen months of his missionary work Brother Gittins served as associate editor of the *Millenial Star*.

Upon completion of his missionary labors, he continued his art studies in London at Wimbledon and Camberwell. During the time

that he worked as a professional portrait painter in London, he was signally honored by having some of his works accepted for exhibition by the Royal Society of British Artists.

It is not at all strange that our artist received this and other recognition. In undertaking to paint a portrait, he does not regard it his sole responsibility to produce a good likeness, which would satisfy most laymen, but insists on making each portrait he paints another artistic triumph, also. This explains why not only laymen, but also artists themselves, are universally outspoken in the praise of his productions. His portraits unmistakably reveal the craftsmanship and expertness of execution that so favorably characterize the works of British artists generally. They also reflect the sensitivity and keen imagination that are his, and his extraordinary capacity for artistic expression of what he sees in, and feels about the subject.

Late in the year 1945, our artist received a scholarship offer from the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, through the mediation of President Hugh B. Brown, then in charge of the British Mission, now servicemen's co-ordinator at the Church university.

The young artist is married to Gwendolen M. Ellis, who was the recipient of a similar scholarship from Brigham Young University. They arrived in Utah in January 1945, and have made Provo, Utah, their home since that time. Their first child, a son, named Jonathan, was born there.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Caroline Eyring Miner

Now, close against the sky, the barren trees
In black and gray are etched against the clouds'
Chill blanket like a spider's web, or frieze
About a Grecian temple, or the shrouds
Of ancient dead embroidered in grave black
Across the stony, frozen snow, the long
Thin shadows run; the wind has left a track
Of drifts along the way. Yet here is song.
Within my heart is quietness and peace;
Upon my window sill are blossoms still,
And by my glowing hearth the children cease
Their play but to begin again. I will
Take sunshine from my quiet corner here
And warm a bit of earth and dry one tear.

Award Winners

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1946 Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1946 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1946.

The first prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Ethel Newman Eccles, 3453 Menlo Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, for her poem "Our Hands In Thine."

The second prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 818 28th Street, Ogden Utah, for her poem "Release From the South Seas."

The third prize of ten dollars is awarded to Miranda Snow Walton, 165 West 5th South, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Centennial Conversation."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1923, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetic verse.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were sixty-six poems submitted in this year's contest, entries coming from many of the states, as well as from several foreign countries. Many of the poems were written on the suggested subject, the Utah Centennial. Of the three winners, one had not previously placed in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem contests.

The General Board congratulates the prize winners, and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The General Board wishes, also, to thank the three judges and all who assisted, for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The efforts of the poetry committee of the General Board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs of the prize winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

ETHEL NEWMAN ECCLES

First Prize Poem

Our Hands In Thine

Ethel Newman Eccles

Inspiration

Only a thread across the desert sands,
A twining thread, held by the Master's hands;
Taut at the time when check was needed there,
Unleashed again and free as the heaven-sent air.
Unleashed, for well God knew this sturdy band,
Whose footsteps he had turned toward desert sand.
Hand-picked from all humanity's great store—
Weighed in the balance; you could not ask for more.
He knew their trials, and yet he knew their power;
Pledged as they were to make each changing hour
A hallowed part, to firmly plant anew
Christ's Church, revealed in latter day and true.

Dedication

"This is the Place"—the leader raised his hands,
The challenge of the mountains or the sands
To this small band of weary pioneers;
God help them see the future in the years.
"And it shall truly blossom as the rose,"
And lo, it did, and so the story goes:
Great homes were builded well, with mountains 'round,
Irrigation, too, to wet the thirsty ground;
And temple spires in majesty rose high
To link the holiness with azure sky;
And government became integral part,
And schools and colleges and cultural art.
All these and all that makes humanity
Unchained from lower life on land and sea,
Unfolded there with every passing hour,
Man's will upheld by God's majestic power.

By Faith We Walk

What now? A hundred precious years gone by.
In gratitude, with dauntless heads held high,
We face the future with its atom fear,
And pray, dear God, that thou art ever near;
So near that thou wilt touch us with thy power
And give us courage through each changing hour—
Our heritage from pioneers before.
Hold thou our hands as we pass on through the door
Into that age that no man dares to think—
There is no turning; we are at the brink.
So may we face it without torturing fear,
Our hands in thine, dear Lord, again we pioneer.

Ethel Newman Eccles, a native of Salt Lake City, now living in Ohio, was awarded first prize in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1944, for her story "Rock Roses of Nazareth." This is her first appearance as a winner in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contests. She has for some time been writing poetry, prose, and fiction. Her early work was published in the *Gold and Blue*, a Latter-day Saint high school periodical, and later in *Playground*, issued by the playground system of Washington, D. C. She was at one time a special reporter for *The Deseret News*, with a column in each Saturday edition. She is an active Relief Society worker, has been president of the North Ohio District Relief Society of the Northern States Mission, and is now president of the Cleveland Branch Relief Society.

Her husband is Parley P. Eccles. There are two children, a daughter, Mrs. Van M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., and a fourteen-year-old son, Parley Eccles, Jr. Mrs. Eccles also has two small grandchildren.

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Second Prize Poem

Release From the South Seas

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I
I'm going home to trees unleafed, each bud
Hooded from cold, clean limbs that web the sky;
Already, I can feel along my blood,
A leaping, feral as a coyote's cry.
Whetted by frost whips in the morning hush,
I'll follow sharp-hoofed tracks a deer has made;
My shoulders will shake crystals from the brush
Before the back-thrown antlers clear the glade.
With towering mountains hid beneath their swirls,
I'll watch again the darkening snow clouds form;
And when the wintry down escapes and whirls,
My long heart hunger will be fed by storm.
Rain-rivered skies, farewell. Again I'll know
Fine-needled balsams feathered white with snow.

II

I'll see the spring creep back through lilac buds
And smell brown furrows fresh from snow's retreat;
The ivory-petaled cherry's fragrant suds
Will vie with peach tree coral, cool and sweet.
The tall, clean tulip stems will speak of lands
Fertile, but frugal as my grandsire's thumb;
I'll warm a snow-damp clod in grateful hands,
And kneel in bluebells till the kind tears come.
Some day, shut-eyed, I'll view this tropic isle,
Bathed in warm rain, and be a little fond
Of leaves too lush and hues too loud, and smile
At endless waves and all that lies beyond.
Tonight, my heart resents the hours between
Me and my home, where wand-slim aspens lean.

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, is the author of three books of poetry: *Singing Hearts*, *Down This Road*, and *After the Blossoming*. One of the best-known literary women of the West, Mrs. Wangsgaard has had her poems published in many magazines and newspapers of national circulation, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and in such poetry magazines as *Wings*, *Spirit*, and the *Florida Magazine of Verse*. She has won first place in several national poetry contests, and has four times received the award in the *Deseret News* Christmas Poem Contest. Mrs. Wangsgaard has placed four times in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest: 1939, 1942, 1946, and 1947. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, and of the Sonneteers. Mrs. Wangsgaard, the mother of three children, has several grandchildren. Her oldest son, a lieutenant, served in the Pacific area during the war. The poem "Release From the South Seas" is woven around the homing thoughts of this son.

Miranda Snow Walton was born in 1900, in the Bear River country, Wyoming, a daughter of Henry Brooks Snow and Anna Danielson Forbes. Writing poetry has, for many years, been a great joy to Mrs. Walton. In addition to the Latter-day Saint Church publications, her work has appeared in *Railroad Magazine*, the *Utah Magazine*, *Our Army*, *The Vet*, some twenty-five poetry magazines, and five anthologies. Mrs. Walton is the mother of a daughter Vivian (Mrs. Delbert Owens), and two sons, Jack and Claude Walton, who were the fourth generation on one line, and the fifth on another, to serve their country in the armed forces. Mrs. Walton, now a resident of Salt Lake City, is interested in writing about the Bear River Valley, in poetry and fiction.

MIRANDA SNOW WALTON

Third Prize Poem

Centennial Conversation

Miranda Snow Walton

A Great-Granddaughter Speaks:

Great-Grandmother Ann, were you sad that day
In the long, long ago, when you sailed away
From your home in a land far over the sea?
Did your young heart harbor perplexity?
Did you face your future in doubt and fear,
As your great-granddaughter is doing here?
Of what did you dream in this alien land,
As your tired feet plodded through sage and sand?
You could not have visioned the things I know
When you entered this valley so long ago,
This Inland Empire, where temples raise

Their arms in rejoicing at heaven's ways;
You could not see then, as I do today,
The gold of the grainfields, the orchards gay;
The cities that lie on the valley's breast,
Each one a jewel that God's hand has caressed;
Then, what was the vision that made you strong,
What dream gave you courage to journey on?

The Great-Grandmother Answers:

Great-Granddaughter Ann, the dream I had
Was a simple one, and it made me glad;
Though I knew the heartbreak of goodbye tears,
It banished my doubts, and dispelled my fears.
I dreamed of a home in a peaceful place,
Of a good man's love, and a baby's face.
My home was a dugout where wild sage grew,
But our love was there, and my dream was true.
Oh, child of my grandson, resolve this day
To set your feet on your rightful way:
No matter what struggle a true love brings,
Hold fast to the good and the simple things,
A home where no evil nor hate abide;
Keep faith, and virtue, and truth inside;
Hold love as a treasure that has no price,
And a baby's laughter as paradise;
Do your woman's work in this world of woe,
For out of such things great empires grow.

It should be satisfactory evidence that you are in the path of life, if you love God and your brethren with all your hearts. You may see, or think you see, a thousand faults in your brethren; yet they are organized as you are; they are flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone; they are of your Father who is in heaven; we are all His children, and should be satisfied with each other as far as possible. The main difficulty in the hearts of those who are dissatisfied is, they are not satisfied with themselves (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 271).

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1946 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1946.

The first prize of thirty-five dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, 1474 Hollywood Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "The Return."

The second prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Rhea Smith, 181 East Gregson Avenue, Salt Lake City, for her story "Cast Thy Burdens."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Olive Maiben Nicholes, 340 East 2nd North, Provo, Utah, for her story "The Sound of Bugles."

This short story contest, first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by the editor of a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories are to be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1947.

Twenty-two manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1946. None of the prize winners for this year had previously placed in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest.

This contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The General Board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of nearly eighty thousand. There are subscribers in every state of the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The General Board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

The Return

Margery S. Stewart

"SALT Lake City!" someone said.

Paula opened her eyes and sat up. She peered down through the windows of the plane. How the town had grown, almost up to Saint Mary's, and right up to the mouth of Parley's. "It's incredible!" she said aloud.

Had she changed as much in ten years? She took out her compact. Her cleverly painted mouth quirked wisely at one corner. "You're charming," her mouth said. Her eyes gazed narrowly at her unlined, clear-skinned face. Naturally, at forty-two, one couldn't hope to look twenty-two, but she was doing very well. She pulled the Lille Dache beret to a more rakish slant, brushed the shoulders of her Valentina suit. Sally would be wide-eyed at the sight of a Valentina suit.

Paula obeyed the order to fasten the safety belt, and slumped back in her chair. The familiar irritation, indecision, and misery settled upon her. Why had she come? Just for the fun of surprising Sally? To dazzle her with the names of great people? Or to crawl into this corner of nowhere and lick her wounds? "I shall lie down to bleed awhile, then rise and fight again," she quoted wryly to herself. She reached for the brief case at her feet. She put it in her lap, and let her hands lie on it, crossed, like little swords. Which is really what they are, she reflected, because very soon, they are going to open this brief case, and very neatly destroy a woman's hopes, plans, and dreams. What a fool the girl was to give me her advertising ideas. Did she really believe me naive enough to take them in to Mr. Hanover? It would be just like asking me to put my neck in a noose. One look at her work, and mine—and me with it, would be tossed out the window.

MARGERY S. STEWART

Couldn't she guess what my job means to me? She smoothed the brief case. I've got to do it. A few changes . . . my name on it, and an end to the long nightmare about someone newer and younger supplanting me.

She closed her hands over the safety belt, as the plane landed. Slipping into her fur coat, she followed the other passengers into the biting, snowy afternoon.

She found a cab and gave Sally's address. Sally had moved since the last time . . . to a larger place, Paula hoped. She shuddered, remembering the last time, ten years ago, when she and Sally had tried to renew their friendship over the shrieks of little girls, and the stamping, mischievous feet of little boys. Six children! Paula's mouth tightened. It was a sin and a shame, and nobody's fault but Sally's. Such a waste of Sally's marvelous mind and unbelievable energy. She could have been a greater success than I, by far, Paula reflected. She could have had the world under her little pink thumb, and she threw it all away for some perfectly mad idea on religion.

SHE sat stiffly, watching the familiar streets unroll. South Temple Street. How many times she and Sally had walked under these trees in the spring, half delirious from the smell of lilacs and rain-wet leaves, and their own marvelous dreams. Why, it was right here on South Temple Street, in the fall of the year, that Sally had told her about Don and their marriage plans.

Paula remembered, as though it were yesterday, her own sick fury and disappointment. "But you told me you were going to New York with me. Oh, Sally, you can't marry Don. He's just a dumb Mormon boy, whose highest ambition is to have a family of twelve kids and send them all on missions."

Sally had laughed. "You make it sound so dull. What a thrill twelve children will be." She added soberly, "The missions, too. I . . . I . . guess I've always felt this way. The career business was just a foolish dream."

"No!" Paula had cried, turning to shake Sally. "Don't you see? It's all that matters. We'll climb right up to the top. We'll have money and clothes, gorgeous clothes. We'll meet the most fascinating people..."

Sally said softly, "Listen to me, Paula." Her lovely eyes were misted with shyness. She faltered for a moment. "In Sunday School they tell us sometimes about the . . . the still small voice?"

"Oh, sure, sure, I know."

Sally touched her breast lightly. "In here, there is something that tells me it's right and good to stay and marry Don. Even though everything cries out to go with you, the small voice says, 'Stay'."

For a brief instant Paula had hesitated, "I know," she said, half laughing, half in tears. "I have it, too, telling me to stay and marry Joe."

"Darling!" Sally flung her arms around Paula. "You told me you would. Oh, let's have a double wedding."

"No." Paula had stepped out of the circle of Sally's arms. "No. I'm not going to get caught like that. Not like your mother and mine, and all the women who let love and religion rule their lives. You can come with me or stay. It's up to you."

Sally's fingers had dug fiercely into the pockets of her polo coat. Paula could remember still the outline of them, against the brown cloth. "I guess I've got to stay, Paula."

"Okay, chum. I'm leaving next Tuesday night. Dad's giving me five hundred dollars for my twentieth birthday."

"But Joe? What about him?"

Paula had kicked a stone out of her path. "Joe? Joe will have to find someone else . . . so will I." But in all the twenty-three years between, there hadn't been anyone like Joe.

PAULA looked around her. The neighborhood was very good. Don must be doing a little better. Well, he needed to. Sally had looked terrible ten years ago, just terrible. Her face, drawn and haggard with fatigue, her hands like a washwoman's. Her feet, in their flat, sensible shoes, had run endlessly on household errands. In her arms, Paula remembered, she had seemed to hold constantly, a wailing, teething baby.

Paula regarded the tips of her trim alligator pumps. "I shouldn't have come. I'll wire and have them call me back."

"Here's your address, lady."

Paula looked out. "But it's lovely . . . I never dreamed . . ." She paid the driver and walked before him up the winding, neatly swept path. She climbed the shallow steps of the brick terrace and rang the bell.

The door was flung open by a young and amazingly lovely girl. Paula had a swift impression of dark blue eyes in a heart-shaped, eager face, of very white teeth that flashed welcomingly. "Hello," she said. Then her eyes grew wide. "It can't be!" she breathed. "Aunt Paula, how perfectly wonderful. Come in! Mother will be so thrilled."

The warmth of the girl's welcome reached deep into Paula. "You know me?"

"Know you?" The girl reached out slim brown hands and drew her into the great hall. "Your picture is in my room. I'm going to be just like you. Oh, Mother . . ."

Sally came into the hall. Paula stared at her, disbelief and a dismayed envy warring within her. Sally was radiantly beautiful, more so than she had ever been as a girl. The new upsweep was enormously becoming to her small face.

"Paula!" she cried, "Paula!" and ran forward with arms outstretched.

Paula lifted her face from Sally's shoulder and saw her reflection in the hall mirror. But I look so sharp, she thought, in bewilderment, so sharp and clever. There is no softness anywhere. She held Sally out before her. "Let me look at you, angel. You look wonderful. I love your house." She turned her head as a sudden burst of laughter tumbled from the living room. "Guests?"

Sally laughed. "Just my family. Come and meet them all over again." She put her arms around the girl who was standing wide-eyed beside them. "This is Louise, she was nine when you saw her last, ten years ago."

This lovely creature, the skinny little girl in glasses and braces? It couldn't be!

Louise seemed to read her thoughts. "Wasn't I revolting? Mom worried about my matrimonial chances."

Her mother gave her a hug. "You were a charming child." She led Paula into the large, battered, but lovely living room.

Three young men rose swiftly to their feet. Paula gasped in sheer admiration. "Sally! You certainly cornered the market. I never saw such handsome children."

Sally laughed. "Time helps. You weren't too impressed the first time you saw them, remember?" She introduced them. "This tall, red-headed young man is Don, Junior. He's leaving for a mission next month. He just received his call."

Dimly, as from down a long corridor, Paula heard a younger Sally say, "It will be a thrill, sending them on missions."

"And these are the twins, Phillip, he's going to be a doctor, and Stephen, he can make a car out of an old spool and a piece of wire, I do believe."

They smiled at her from young, gay faces, impressed, Paula could tell, by the tales they'd heard about her. She shook hands with them gravely. Sally's sons! These tall young men were bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. No wonder Sally's face held that deep contentment. Paula shivered. Instantly the family sprang into action. The boys stirred the fire. Sally forced her into a wing-backed chair. Louise brought a footstool.

"You look so tired, Paula. You must rest here."

"Mother!" A girl of ten catapulted into the room. "Guess what? I get the lead in the Primary play. Isn't it supreme!"

An older boy trotted dejectedly after her. "I gotta be in it, too. I gotta be somethin' awful—like an old prince."

Paula looked up at the children. They looked like Sally. "I used to go to Primary all the time, with your mother. Once I was the lead in the play. What do they do these days?" She curled her lip. "The same thing, I suppose."

"We're studying about the Centennial. We're making decorations for it."

"The Centennial. Once that would have thrilled me," she mused aloud. "I never think about Mormonism any more. Too busy."

"It's been our life," Sally said simply, as she knelt to place another log on the fire. She sat back on her heels. "Tell us about New York. Every single thing."

Paula couldn't remember when she'd had an audience like this, so eager, so delighted with the anecdotes of people she knew. The moments flew by, until suddenly it was dusk and a car was turning into the driveway.

"It's Don, and I haven't started dinner." Sally sprang up in pretty dismay.

Don came in. He was grayer and heavier, but time had carved all his wrinkles into laughter lines and put a twinkle in his eye. "Welcome, welcome, my dear. We've hoped for a long time for this visit."

To her amazement, tears thickened her throat, "Why—why thanks, Don. I'm so very glad to be here."

ALONE in the little room Sally had given her, Paula lay face down on the bed. She felt so old, so tired, so finished. But I can't be old. She sat up. Sally and I are the same age, and no one could call Sally

old. But why do I have this desolate feeling that I'm standing outside in the cold, looking in on warmth and laughter? She got up and began to rub cold cream vigorously into her skin. Come, come Paula, you'll feel differently after a day or two of rest. When you hear the squabble and watch Sally try to do a hundred things at once.

She dressed swiftly and reached for her brief case. She could be working on that advertisement while she waited to be called down for dinner. She spread the copy on the dressing table.

Louise came for her, lovelier than ever in a black velveteen suit. "I'm going out after dinner . . . . His name is Mark. He's really super." She came and leaned over Paula's shoulder, and read the copy with young, delighted eyes. "Aunt Paula! No wonder you've gone so far! Why this is wonderful! I can't rest until I try the lipstick. The whole idea is just scrumptious!"

Paula felt the hot color sweep up from her throat. "I'm . . . I'm glad you like it, child."

"Like it? I'm mad about it. You're wonderful." She pulled Paula's hand. "We meet early . . . for family prayers. Are you ready?"

"Family prayers?" Paula bit her lip before it could say, "How quaint."

They knelt, each one at his chair. Paula looked at their bowed heads in the brief instant before she, too, dropped to her knees. A phrase she had almost forgotten, leaped to her mind. ". . . Bring forth their fruit with patience—" Now who had said that?"

Don bowed his head, his voice was quiet and sure. ". . . We thank thee for health and strength, food and shelter . . . the privilege of serving thee . . . . for thy love which has shielded us from harm. We thank thee for the guest in our house and ask thee to bless her with the blessings thou knowest she needs this day."

There was more of the prayer, but Paula did not hear. A prayer had been prayed for her to the Lord she had forgotten.

It was clear to her, suddenly. Terrible in its clarity. The Word stood. The Word was Truth. Clever people, gay people, wicked people, foolish people could deny it. But the Word stood. Sally and Don had known it. They had given their lives to it and "brought forth fruit with patience."

She had given her life to the things of this world, and she held the empty years of the past and the empty years of the future as her portion. The knowledge seared like fire, deeper and deeper, a pain no tears could assuage.

Numbly, she rose when the others rose, and ate and talked and smiled. She tried to warm her icy heart in the fire of the children's admiration and respect.

Louise's young man came. She brought him to Paula to be introduced. They made a charming couple, so clean, so young. Love made Mark's face miserable and ecstatic all at once. It reminded Paula of Joe's face of many years ago. I can't endure much more, she thought. I must go back.

But they had planned so many things for her pleasure. A skiing trip, where she met Joe and his three sons. She watched the boys and their father. They might have been

my sons, she thought, and turned heavily away.

"You're so white," Sally said anxiously, "Don't you feel well?"

"Wonderful," Paula lied. "It's this mountain air."

She found herself skiing with Don Junior. Plodding up the white slopes, she asked him, "Since you're practically in the mission field you ought to know a thing or two about religion."

"Like what?"

She liked his young, grave smile. "A phrase has been bothering me . . . 'Bring forth fruit with patience.' Now, where did I hear it?"

"The Savior said it when he told the parable of the seeds, remember? The seeds that fell on stony soil, and some in thorns, and then the seed that fell on good ground, and the man out of the honesty of his heart brought forth good fruit with patience."

"I see. Thank you, Don."

They were in the living room that evening, talking over the day's adventures. The phone rang.

"It's for you, Louise." Sally came back. "It's Mark."

Louise's pretty face grew pinched. "Please tell him I'm not in."

Sally did so, reluctantly. When she returned, there was distress in her eyes. "Louise, what's happened between you. I thought . . . we hoped . . . he's such a fine boy . . . so in love with you."

Louise set her chin stubbornly. "I know he's wonderful and nice and madly in love with me. But I'm not going to marry him."

"Why not, dear?" There was disappointment and concern in Sally's voice.

Paula heard it. She looked sharply at Louise. There was something so familiar about all this.

"Because," Louise said quietly, "I'm going back to New York with Aunt Paula . . . if she'll let me. I've decided I'd rather have a career than anything else in the world."

Joy leaped in Paula's heart. How wonderful it would be to have Louise with her in that cold, lonely apartment. She could give her so much . . . such marvelous contacts.

"A career?" Don said carefully. "Are you sure, Louise?"

Louise flushed. She lifted her chin. "Oh, I do have a war on inside me; the still small voice is raising the roof . . . But I won't do it. I won't have a life like Mom's. Hard work . . . worry . . . a lot of children. I want glamour in my life . . . like Aunt Paula's."

Paula sat still as stone. Oh, no! Not her life for Louise. Not the glitter that is forgotten in a day, and the husks to hold in the cold years, the lost years, the unfruitful years.

She said softly, "You think I am a success?"

"Oh, yes," Louise breathed, "I know you are."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, because I have given a great deal to it. The man I loved, for instance, the children I might have had, the home I might have made, the Church that would have fed my soul . . . ."

"But you've met such wonderful people! Not like the ones here."

Paula nodded. "You are quite right. Very clever people, and if I'm clever too, they will continue to be my friends. But they won't come running over with a lemon pie if I'm ill, or to borrow a cup of sugar, and to tell me about Jimmie's school marks, or to give me a recipe for

chili sauce. I have a Picasso," she added slowly, "But I have no child. If you only knew at twenty how important a child will be to you, when you are forty."

Louise's lower lip trembled mutinously, "You don't want me. That's why you're saying these things. What about your job? Isn't that enough?"

There was one more thing she could say. Paula shrank from it. It's all I have left, Sally's children's love and respect. I won't lose that, too. But the still small voice said clearly, "You must, Paula."

She heard it with joy and with sorrow. She held her head very high. "Yes, my job. It means a great deal to me, so much that I would do anything to keep it."

"I knew it," Louise cried. "I knew you loved it more than all these things you've been telling me about."

"I do love it," Paula said softly. "You'll know how much when I tell you that the copy you admired so much isn't mine."

"Not yours? But you said it was . . . ."

"I'm . . . borrowing . . . it, from a a girl with a lot of talent. She'll hardly know it when I'm finished."

In the stillness of the room, Louise's voice fell like a whiplash. "Aunt Paula! Oh, Aunt Paula!" She ran blindly from the room.

Paula looked from one to another of Sally's family. But they were smiling at her from shining faces, only Sally's was wet with tears. She stumbled over to Paula and held her close. "Paula, Paula, you were wonderful. How . . . how fine of you . . . What will you do now?"

"Send back the copy . . . and my resignation. I'm not going back."

"I'm so glad. You'll be happy here. Believe me, Paula."

Paula said very carefully, so that the words wouldn't break before she could get them out, because they were important. The most important she had ever used. "Ask your missionary son to tell me . . . .Is it ever too late to start . . . bringing forth fruit with patience?"

Margery Stockseth Stewart, of Salt Lake City, wife of Russell Stewart, is a member of several literary organizations, including the League of Utah Writers, the Barnacles, and "The Little Group" of short story writers. She has been awarded first prize in the annual short story contest sponsored by the Barnacles, and received the *Deseret News* Christmas Story Contest award in 1940. Skillful and gifted in both story writing and poetry, Mrs. Stewart has had many of her compositions published in Utah periodicals, and in magazines of national circulation. She has also received the Citizenship Award of the Salt Lake City Junior Chamber of Commerce, given for outstanding accomplishments of descendants of foreign-born Americans. Mrs. Stewart is of Norwegian descent. She is the mother of two children, a daughter, age ten, and a two-year-old son. Mrs. Stewart assists in drama production in the Mutual Improvement Association of Edgehill Ward, Hillside Stake. In appreciation of her home State, she has this to say: "My husband was in the Corps of Engineers during the war. I was lucky enough to be able to be with him. I used to think I had gypsy blood, but when I came home to Salt Lake City, after the war was ended, and saw the mountains and the familiar streets, I knew my roots went deep into this soil, and that in any other place I am just half a person."

Mary Jacobs Wilson Called to General Board

Maurine C. Neilsen

Literature Class Leader, Mt. Ogden Stake Relief Society

FOR thirty-five years, Sister Eliza R. Snow was served by a counselor whom she loved and who loved her devotedly. Later, this counselor, Zina D. H. Young, was general president of the Relief Society for thirteen years. Sister Mary Jacobs Wilson, who is now called to become a member of the Relief Society General Board, is a granddaughter of this wonderful woman, the daughter of Henry Charitan Jacobs and Emma Rigby Jacobs, both devout Latter-day Saints.

Although her heritage is indeed an enviable one, Mary Wilson deserves to be thought of as a choice person in her own right, for she is talented, humble, and deeply religious. One of her outstanding characteristics is her ability to make and keep friends. This love of her fellow men, coupled with a strong testimony of the gospel, make her, indeed, a happy choice for the Relief Society General Board.

Sister Wilson loves and serves Relief Society. She has been president of both the Ogden Twelfth and Twenty-fourth Wards. For four years she served as stake counselor to Sister Ethel B. Andrew, a former member of the General Board. Then she became first counselor to Sister Ella P. Farr of the Mount Ogden Stake. At the time of her call to the General Board, she was president

MARY JACOBS WILSON

of the Relief Society of the Mount Ogden Stake. She has also served in the Mutual Improvement Association, in both ward and stake capacities, and as a Sunday School and ward organist.

Mary is a former Weber College music and dramatics student, and a past vice-president of the student body. She still loves to read and study at every opportunity.

She was married in the Salt Lake Temple to David J. Wilson, well-known Ogden attorney. Mary's love and devotion for her husband are something her friends often speak

about, and Brother Wilson himself is a devoted and loving husband and father, a sincere Latter-day Saint, and a gifted speaker.

The Wilsons have five children, all of whom are either graduates or students of the B.Y.U. Marian is now the wife of O. Meredith Wilson of the University of Chicago faculty. They have four lovely children. D. J. Wilson is a graduate of Cornell Law School, and he and his wife, Blanche Petersen Wilson, have a small daughter. L. Keith, who was wounded at Tarawa, has entered the University of Chicago to start work on his Ph. D. in mathematics. Margaret, a senior at the B.Y.U., is secretary of the student body. Don is a freshman at the "Y".

The friends of these young people, and the many other guests of the family, know the Wilson home to be one of the finest among the Latter-day Saints. It combines modern convenience and good taste with the homely pioneer virtues of welcome hospitality, music, laughter, humor, and the spirit of the Lord.

Lean years, sickness, crippling accidents, and the grimmest specters of war have entered the Wilson home, only to be faced and routed by courage and undaunted faith. It is this faith, and such contacts and enriching experiences as are brought about by membership in a large, devoted, active Latter-day Saint family, that will serve Mary Jacobs Wilson well in her new calling to the General Board.

PIONEER WOMEN

Olive W. Burt

I seek a phrase of sufficient strength
And grace and beauty to formulate
My concept of those women who
Now humbly stand with heroic great—

Those women stronger than hills, more tough
Than sagebrush permanent in the sand;
Persistent as the streams that cut
Their clean, deep channels through hostile land.

I was not one of these. I was born
To streets familiar with poplar trees,
To the ordered routine of church and school—
The city they built on the desert's knees.

But wherever I go among alien folk,
I hold my head at a prouder height
Because my blood is of their blood,
Their vision is my birthright.

Florence Gay Smith

Blanche B. Stoddard

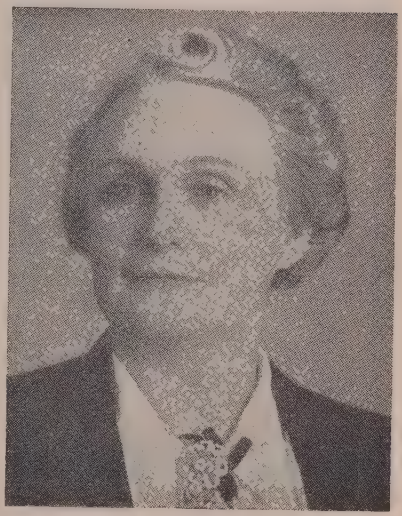
Member, Relief Society General Board

RUSKIN said, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with roses, but they fall *behind* her footsteps, not before."

Sister Florence Gay Smith, newly chosen member of the General Board of Relief Society, has indeed left behind her a path of roses, as she has given her life to the service of others. Hundreds of grateful missionaries are better men and women because they were permitted to come under her sweet influence.

More than twelve years of her life have been spent in the mission field. She first became a mission mother when she accompanied her husband, the late Nicholas G. Smith, to the South African Mission. They had three small sons at that time, and Sister Smith had many adjustments to make in a faraway, strange land. She learned many fine lessons of life the hard way. After returning home, she was active for many years in ward and stake Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations. She served for one year in the Seventeenth Ward Relief Society presidency. Brother Smith served as bishop of the Seventeenth Ward for twelve years, during which time Florence was by his side in the role of a gracious ward mother.

They were called to preside over the California Mission for three years, and Sister Smith had charge of fifty Relief Society organizations. At the end of this time, she became matron of the Salt Lake Temple while her husband was in the Temple presidency. It was she who was the originator of the lovely "brides' room." Another call came to preside over the Northwestern States Mission, where again, she headed the Relief Society work.



FLORENCE GAY SMITH

Sister Smith comes from sturdy Puritan and pioneer stock. She was born in Ogden, Utah, where she spent her girlhood and received her schooling. Her father was John Franklin Gay, and her mother was Tirzah Farr, daughter of Lorin Farr, the first mayor of Ogden. Her marriage to Nicholas G. Smith was a beautiful romance. They have four sons, all fine Latter-day Saints. Gerald Gay served in the district presidency of Washington D.C., before

it became a stake; John Henry is former bishop of the Arlington Ward in Virginia; Stanford Groesbeck is now bishop of the Wilshire Ward in Los Angeles; Nicholas Groesbeck, Jr. is attending the University of Utah.

Undaunted faith has characterized the life of Sister Smith. She brings to the Relief Society General Board a wealth of experience, spirituality, and graciousness, and to the women of the Church, an understanding heart.

Lillie Chipman Adams

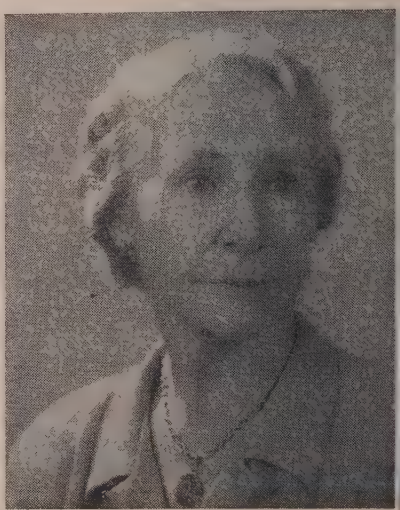
Isabel B. Callister

Member, Relief Society General Board

"SAID Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work ye see me do,' " are the grand keywords of our wonderful humanitarian organization, the Relief Society. An unwavering faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and strict obedience to all the gospel principles and to the Savior's teachings of righteousness, love, and service, are the grand key ideals of our new General Board member, Lillie C. Adams.

To serve diligently, lovingly, and abundantly is the prime joy of Sister Adams' life. A strong testimony of the gospel and loving service have endowed her with these rare gifts: richness of spirit, unselfishness of heart, and peace of mind. She has always shown a high degree of culture and refinement. Through a blending of the important prerequisites, spirituality, wisdom, understanding, enthusiasm, and charm, she has developed leadership and an ability to inspire others.

Her appointment to the General Board is the culmination of faithful performance in all Church auxiliaries in which women have the privilege and honor to exert their influence,



LILLIE CHIPMAN ADAMS

and give of their time and talents. For the past three years, she has served as president of the Emigration Stake Relief Society; prior to that time, she was president of the University Ward Relief Society. She served on the Relief Society and Sunday School boards of the Alpine Stake, and on the Y.W.M.I.A. board of the Ensign Stake. She was

teacher in the Primary Association, and for eight years, was a principal of the University Ward Junior Seminary.

Sister Adams was born in American Fork, Utah, a daughter of Henry and Sarah Binns Chipman, true Latter-day Saints, who enriched their home with a spirit of harmony, industry, and reverence. Sister Adams' fervent prayer, as a child, was that she might be able to retain a knowledge of her studies. Our Heavenly Father has indeed blessed her with a great power of memory. Beautiful gems of scripture and literature are always at her command.

After graduating from the University of Utah, she taught school in American Fork. She married Arthur Adams, who was in the sheep and wool business. Their life together is a perfect example of devotion and co-operation. They were blessed with an outstanding son, Howard C. Adams, a graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy, and a Commander in World War II.

In prayerful humility, Sister Adams has always sought first the "kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all the precious things of life have been added unto her.

WINTER NIGHT

Grace M. Candland

What majesty pervades
This winter night.
The sky is one vast veil of blue,
A million star worlds shining through.

A full moon glides along
Its usual path.
While frost descends on pane and tree
To work its will in artistry.

Beneath, the earth is still;
The hour of rest
Has come, its flowering laid low,
Entombed in coverlets of snow.

This frigid scene will pass
And die away,
And leave for nature's urgent need
The nourishment for springtime seed

In all this grandeur one may see
The pattern of eternity.

General Relief Society Conference

October 2 and 3, 1946

THE annual general Relief Society conference was held October 2 and 3, 1946, at Salt Lake City, Utah, with President Belle S. Spafford presiding. All departments and phases of Relief Society work were considered at this conference due to the discontinuance, announced in January 1946, of the holding of a semi-annual general Relief Society conference in April. Henceforth, an annual general Relief Society conference each year will be held just preceding the general semi-annual Church conference in October.

The following sessions were held:

On Wednesday, October 2, morning and afternoon meetings were held in the Assembly Hall consisting of departmental sessions, which were presented consecutively to allow stake and mission officers and board members the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all phases of the year's work. The chairmen of the respective General Board committees introduced the work of their various departments. Elder H. Wayne Driggs, writer of the theology lessons, delivered an address "The Final Year in the Church History Course." A ward literature lesson demonstration was presented under the direction of Leone G. Layton, chairman of the literature committee, with the assistance of ward and stake leaders. A panel discussion "Family Problems of Today," under the leadership of Leone O. Jacobs, chairman of the social science committee, was given, with Mary G Judd, Anna B. Hart and Blanche B Stoddard also taking part on th panel. Counselor Marianne C. Shar gave general instructions on the ed ucational work for the coming yea President Amy Brown Lyman ex tended her greetings and blessin near the close of the morning ses sion to the Relief Society officer present. In the late afternoon, de partments in music, *Magazine*, an secretarial work were conducte simultaneously in the Assembl Hall, General Board rooms, an Barratt Hall, respectively.

A reception for stake and missio officers and board members was hel Wednesday evening in the Lafayett Ballroom, Hotel Utah.

On Thursday morning, October 3 in the Assembly Hall, an officers meeting was held for stake and mis sion officers and board members. A this meeting, President Spafford gav "Official Instructions"; Elder Josep Fielding Smith delivered an addres "Hearken to Counsel"; and Elde Harold B. Lee spoke on "The Plac of Relief Society in the Welfar Plan." All but one stake in th Church was represented at this meet ing, and seventeen missions.

Thursday afternoon, a genera meeting was held in the Tabernacl for Relief Society members and th general public. This session was ad dressed by the General Presidency o Relief Society, and President J. Reu ben Clark, Jr. spoke on "Our Wive and Our Mothers in the Eterna

Plan." Other members of the General Church Authorities, members of the General Church Welfare Committee and specially invited guests were in attendance at the Thursday meetings.

The music for the conference was under the direction of Sister Florence J. Madsen, member of the General Board. A duet was sung by Iris Taylor and Janet B. Peterson, with Sister Madsen as accompanist. Sister Iola Petersen played the prelude and postlude music at the three officers' meetings. Thursday afternoon at the general session in the Tabernacle, a combined chorus of Singing Mothers from the nine stakes of the Jordan Valley Region rendered the music under the baton of Sister Madsen, with Brother Alexander Schreiner at the organ. This same group was asked by the First Presidency to furnish the special music for the first two sessions of the 117 semi-annual general Church conference, held the following day on Friday, October 4, 1946.

The opening and closing prayers at the first three meetings were offered by Relief Society stake presidents. President Amy Brown Lyman offered the invocation at the general meeting on Thursday afternoon and Sister Jessie Evans Smith gave the benediction.

On Monday morning, October 7, in the Relief Society General Board room in the Bishop's Building, a meeting was held by the Relief Society General Presidency, members of the General Board mission committee and other General Board members, with the mission Relief Society presidents of sixteen missions.

The addresses of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. "Our Wives and Our Mothers in the Eternal Plan"; "Hearken to Counsel," by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith; and "The Place of Relief Society in the Welfare Plan," by Elder Harold B. Lee, were printed in full in the December 1946 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Digests of some of the talks given at the general Relief Society conference are printed in this issue of the *Magazine*. The addresses of the General Presidency of Relief Society will appear in the March number of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

DEPARTMENTAL MEETINGS, OCTOBER 2, 1946

The Final Year in the Church History Course

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

MY dear sisters, I shall need all of your sustaining faith to carry forward what is in my heart to say in regard to the work that fell to my lot over the period of three years now past.

To talk about the final year of the Church History series, in a sense, is like trying to paint the scenes of America on one canvas. It is breathtaking. This year we are talking about the "coming of age" period in Church history.

During half of my life I have lived around the scenes of the Church, where things began. I know Broome

County. I know the spot where Brother Knight first greeted the Prophet and permitted him to hold cottage meetings. I have been in Oakland, which was Harmony, Pennsylvania. And many times I have been to the place where John the Baptist first appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith. I spent sixteen months of my mission in and about Palmyra. So, to me, these things are not simply dots on a map, or a line indicating a river; they are far more than that.

I think now of the little branch in Binghamton, New York, where Sister Driggs and I used to go with our boys, and would meet with two or three Relief Society sisters, much, I imagine, as they did in days when the Church was referred to as the "little flock," when the word, the revealed word of God, was the important thing. The Doctrine and Covenants at that time, in the early days of the Church, had not been accepted in congregation as the word of God. They knew it to be the word of God because the Prophet had spoken it.

Now, we have had, in two years, through this study, an opportunity to have the personal side of Church history revealed through the lives of the men and women who lived it, and I should like to say that one of the most important things to remember about the scriptures is that they were lived before they were written, and that is why they are of such great import to us.

In the early days, the members of the Church relied upon the word of the Lord, and they had to take it literally to understand its significance. Now, what has happened? We have had, in the expansion of the Church, an opportunity to see just the sort of thing I see here before me this morning—hundreds of fine women, firm in the faith, coming from many places to learn from the organized Relief Society, its president, counselors, and Board, the fine things that they have to give to carry forward the work that has long since passed the "little flock" stage, on into the "coming of age" period of this great Church of ours.

Now, I think if we can keep that in mind, it may help us more in this final series of lessons than anything else that I could suggest, because when you have the personal drama of the Church, as it was up to the time of the martyrdom, and as it was after the martyrdom, in the crossing of the plains, there is always the touch of the human hand, so to speak, in helping you to see why these principles of the gospel are true.

But now, what happens? You think of the Church collectively, and you think of the Relief Society organization, and the splendid educational system, and the Priesthood quorums, and all of the auxiliary work, and the Welfare Plan, and all these things, making it difficult to understand, and to keep that fine, warm touch of the human relations idea that came in the early days of the Church.

I have tried to do two things for you. First of all, not to confuse you with a long list of questions at the end of the lesson, which seem to get away from the central idea. Rather, I have tried to focus your attention sharply on one or two significant questions which promote thinking and discussion, first from your class, and then, after that has been carried

forward, to invite you to do some actual reading of the Doctrine and Covenants, which brings about most of the discussion, and should bring the real heart of the discussion.

NOW, there is something significant to me about the first vision, in the way in which Joseph Smith later wrote it. He said: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

He did not say: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, His Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost." But he repeats: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, *and* in His Son, Jesus Christ, *and* in the Holy Ghost."

It seems to me that he placed with conviction every comma in that sentence, because he had seen the individuality of the two, the Father and the Son, and he knew that the Holy Ghost was just as distinct, although a personage of spirit.

I have suggested that you give the class a chance to think of the historical events that have come during the hundred and sixteen years of our Church, and then discuss those that are found in the lesson in the light of the Article of Faith which applies particularly to the events being discussed.

Now, there is one comforting thought, at least to me, as the writer of the lessons, and that is that we can rely upon a great deal of backlog information about these things. In other words, you have studied Church history for a long time, and you will study it for a long time more, and there will come to you added significance to these thoughts as to the worthwhile character of the lives of the saints who gave so much to make this Church what it is today.

And like a radiant gem, meeting new light and color, there comes through a heart-warming experience of reading the word of God for purposes centered around a given ideal, which is the lesson objective, a chance to depart from the world and to have faith renewed and strength given, so that one may know in these trying times, that there is an anchorage to living.

There are eight lessons, the first one an overview, the second one in terms of the Priesthood callings.

Certainly, I will not have to say much to you on the organization of the Relief Society and its significance, but I have tried in that to give something that has a little different slant. The educational system is put forth, and also three of the auxiliary organizations.

Then, I have discussed the Welfare Plan, with all its important significance in these days. By way of summary, I felt that something should be said for the unsung heroes of the Church. What a wealth of experience this lesson can be when you bring to your class the stories of the unsung heroes of Zion, who have made the great cause what it is! The final lesson is a review of the century.

It has been a privilege to write the series, and I am certain that this experience that I have had this morning has made me realize, more than anything else, what has been meant in the phrase, "the coming of age" period of the Church. God help you to appreciate these values, I pray, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

The Worth of Testimony Bearing

Achsa E. Paxman
Member, Relief Society General Board

IT is indeed a privilege to meet today in Relief Society Conference with you women from all over the Church, who have a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The goal of Relief Society is to help women to be better mothers and wives; to be devoted Church members who teach by example, as well as precept, the principles and teachings of our Church; to help form proper attitudes through intellectual understanding gained in Relief Society work; to help gain faith sufficient to be blessed with a testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel.

It is the responsibility of every true Latter-day Saint woman, who has a testimony of the gospel, to maintain high ideals, and to develop a philosophy of life that will be an inspiration to all with whom she comes in contact.

The burden of Christ's teaching was that men should keep the commandments. He told his disciples to go out and teach men everywhere. The promise was that they who believed should be saved. There is no promise to any other.

To the multitude, who crowded around Christ the day after he had fed them, he said:

> Ye seek me, not because ye saw miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you (John 6:26, 27).

What a privilege we have in our Church to give service, to prepare lessons of instructions to various groups, to attend meetings where inspired and well-prepared talks are given, and then to have the privilege of bearing our testimonies.

Brigham Young said: "More testimonies are gained on your feet than on your knees."

Testimony bearing is an expression that God is the beloved Father who rules and guides our lives. Our expressions of appreciation for our Father in heaven, for blessings and knowledge of his divinity and guidance, are a great help in our lives for righteous living. The Lord has given commandments and instructions through ancient and latter-day prophets, and bearing our testimonies to the divinity of these words is a great blessing to us.

Mental assent to the gospel is not enough. There must be a power that drives us to action. Our faith is but the motivation for action. If we have the proper faith, we cannot be restrained from bearing our testimonies, and, because of our faith, our words and actions, and our lives, will be an influence on others.

Appreciation is one of the greatest needs of the world today. A thoughtful deed, the needed praise to our associates, give encouragement and happiness. God also appreciates our acknowledgement of his blessings unto us.

Many of our boys who served in the recent World War were blessed

and encouraged through their faith in God and in the ideals taught them in our Church. Hundreds expressed appreciation of their belief in God and their faith in the resurrection, and no matter what their suffering or trials, not even the reality of death itself could keep them from worshiping God in spirit and in truth. Through their testimonies they were blessed, and many had the great joy of bringing the gospel to their companions. What a gift and power is testimony!

The strength of Mormonism lies in the individual testimonies of its members.

What a privilege our missionaries have to learn the gospel and to teach it to the people in the various missions of the Church! How they love to bear their testimonies of their faith in God and the truthfulness of the gospel, for they are following the teachings of the Savior, "Feed my sheep."

It is hoped that the Relief Society officers of every ward and branch of the Church will consider it a special privilege of missionary service to interest all their women with a desire to attend theology testimony meetings.

The worth of testimony is great.

May we be blessed with faith that God is still at the helm of this great nation. Let us have faith in the leadership of our Church. Let us strive to keep the principles and teachings of the gospel. May our testimonies be strengthened and may we be a light and an inspiration to others through our living the gospel and expressing in testimony our faith and gratitude, I pray, in the name of Jesus.

Our Pioneer Heritage

Ann P. Nibley

Member, Relief Society General Board

THE visiting teachers' department, during the years 1946-47, deals with the general subject "Our Pioneer Heritage." This is a timely subject, inasmuch as we shall celebrate this year the one hundreth anniversary of the arrival of the first Mormon pioneers in Salt Lake Valley.

Sister Amy Brown Lyman is the author of these lessons, and she has ably treated the subject under the following headings: Love of God; Love of Fellow Man; Faith; Courage; Industry; Self-reliance; Dependability; and Thirst for Knowledge.

I shall attempt to review these lessons for you in the brief time alloted to me.

First, the love of God. This quality is, indeed, one of the cardinal virtues, for did not the Savior say: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matthew 22:37-39).

The early Latter-day Saints manifested their love of God when they accepted the gospel and became

members of the Church, for Mormonism, at the time, was so misrepresented and abused that it was a very unpopular religion.

The love of fellow man was a noble characteristic of the pioneers. It was this fraternal feeling that prompted all the missionary work that was performed during the early days of the Church. The truths of the gospel, which they prized so highly, they wished to share with others, and so they went forth, without purse or scrip, enduring all manner of personal hardships, in order that they might make known to their fellow men the saving principles which had been revealed from heaven to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Faith, the ability to believe in the visions and inspired teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was another of the great attributes possessed by the pioneers. Their faith was genuine and real, as real as life itself. They believed with heart and soul that God had revealed himself, and that his kingdom had been again established upon earth.

Courage, which is born of faith, is another admirable characteristic of the pioneers. It required supreme courage for 20,000 Latter-day Saints to leave their comfortable homes in Nauvoo, and journey into the western wilderness, in the most inclement season of the year. They were courageous when they allowed five hundred of their young, strong men to enlist in the army, to fight the battles of their country against Mexico, leaving their wives and children, mothers and fathers, stranded in an Indian country, living in wagons and tents, on the banks of the Missouri river. They were brave and courageous when they began the journey to Utah, with inferior equipment and meager supplies; a journey over deserts and mountain ranges, which consumed more than three months time. And when they began to build a city and a temple in the barren Salt Lake Valley, their courage was sublime.

Another lesson we may learn from these remarkable people is the lesson of industry. The entire history of the Latter-day Saints testifies that wherever they have settled they have been diligent and industrious. In Utah, the beehive was early adopted as the State emblem, signifying a busy, diligent, and self-sustaining people. The teachings of Brigham Young, during the thirty years that he presided over the saints in the valleys, was to the effect that all who were able should sustain themselves by some useful work. The genius of the Welfare Plan, now being stressed throughout the Church, is that the Latter-day Saints should all be engaged in useful work and, through their labors, sustain themselves.

Self-reliance is another prominent characteristic of our pioneer forefathers. This valuable and important attribute was largely developed through the persecutions that were heaped upon them. For many years "every man's hand" was against them, and, finally, they were driven into the western desert where they had to be self-reliant in order to survive.

Dependability was a notable trait of the early settlers of these valleys. They were taught to be dependable in all their dealings, and in every walk of life. Frequently, they were called by the Presidency of the Church to leave comfortable homes in Salt Lake City, and move to out-

lying settlements, such as St. George, the Muddy River in Nevada, Cache Valley, or the Salmon River in Idaho. No one was expected to refuse such a call—they were to be dependable and carry out the instructions of those who were placed in authority to preside over them. Dependability in private matters was also to be observed, such as the payment of debts, the return of articles which had been borrowed, and the keeping of appointments.

"Thirst for Knowledge" is the title given to the eighth lesson in this course, and Sister Lyman fittingly points out that the high ideals for education in the Church have come about through the stimulating precepts given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, such as the following: "A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge," and "The glory of God is intelligence" (Doc. & Cov. 93:36). Surely then, of all people, we should hold the quest for knowledge uppermost in our minds.

We trust that our visiting teachers will find joy and satisfaction in carrying these messages to the membership of their various organizations throughout the Church.

The Sewing Course

Velma N. Simonsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

THIS year we are presenting to you our new course in home sewing, for optional use at work meetings. It is optional with each ward whether they teach this course or not, but we feel that it is so timely, and should be of such great worth to our sisters, that we hope every ward and branch in the Church will have one of these sewing classes in their units. We hope that no stake or ward president, will decide, in and of herself, that there is no need for the class in her ward or stake. As long as there is one member, or one potential member, of the Relief Society, who does not know how to sew, then there is a need for that class, and a need for you to get that person interested in the class.

One of the possibilities that we see for the course is to increase the sewing abilities of our sisters, and especially of our young mothers who have small families for whom to sew.

And, aside from the economic value and help that the sisters will receive in learning to sew, there is a joy and a satisfaction that comes from the ability to create.

Another thing we think will be very fine is the bringing of new interest into our work-day meeting and, therefore, getting greater participation among the sisters. It could be a means of increasing membership, and especially in interesting those young people, young mothers in our wards, who are not now receiving the blessings of membership in the Relief Society.

We hope, too, that it will possibly improve the quality of our Welfare sewing. And, as you progress in the course, I am sure that you will see many more possibilities the course

will have to offer for improving and benefiting and strengthening the women of your wards and your ward organizations.

Again I say, much as we hope that every ward and branch will have the course, will teach a class in home sewing, it is entirely optional with the ward. Do not make it a formal lesson period for all the women who attend work meeting. It is not to take the place of the other activities of that day. These activities will go on just the same, the Welfare sewing, quilting, rug making, or the art work, needle and handicraft, and all the activities that have been recommended for use on that day.

Encourage each ward to have the textbook. The textbook that has been chosen, we feel, is a very valuable help in teaching these sewing lessons. Have the sewing leaders familiarize themselves with the index, for there they will find many helpful suggestions and helps other than those that are printed as references in the *Magazine*. Owing to the lack of space, we are not able to print a great deal of help in the *Magazine*, but this book (*The Complete Book of Sewing*) you will find to be very, very valuable. There are other pamphlets and booklets available, also, that will be of use in teaching these lessons.

The instructor, or sewing leader, need not be a professional seamstress. To be a good home sewer is all that is required.

The Gospel as a Way of Life

Priscilla L. Evans

Member, Relief Society General Board

A FEW years ago, I stood with my husband and two young missionaries at the pier in New York City, awaiting the docking of an ocean liner which was returning to this country seventy missionaries of our Church—seventy among the many who had been recalled from their labors in foreign lands. It was a very large ship, and was filled to its utmost capacity. Following a well-arranged and successful procedure (for these missionaries were among the last to arrive), we had presented our passes and were standing in a space assigned to us near the gate. Several baggage carts were beside us and two dock hands had been assigned to assist us.

By the time the gangplank was securely anchored, and the gate opened, one of our dock hands had made his way to the opened gate. He stood quietly at the gate as this mass of humanity surged past him. But, as each missionary passed him, he touched him on the shoulder and said simply: "Here, Elder, this way. Your mission president is right over there."

Soon, all seventy were with us, their baggage piled high in the carts. He had not missed one, though they were scattered through the crowd, and wore no identification.

When he came to rejoin us, I said, "How in the world could you recognize all of those missionaries?" He looked at me intently for an instant, and replied, respectfully, "Well, I really don't know, ma'am—they're different!"

Now, this man did not see this "difference" with his physical eyes, but felt it with his spiritual senses. This "difference" did not come from superior mental attainments, nor from physical prowess, nor from economic status, but from a spiritual strength.

All over the world, wherever missionaries have labored, humble, superior, God-fearing men and women have felt this "difference" and have been attracted to the missionary. They observe his manner of living and his attitude toward good and evil. They see, at first, only a behavior pattern which is very desirable. But, little by little, as they become acquainted with the missionary, and hear from his lips the first principles of the gospel plan, they are aware that the behavior which attracted them is but a reflection of this inner light, this spiritual strength, which the blessings of the gospel have conferred upon this young emissary.

The spirit of God bears testimony to them of the truthfulness of the gospel, and they are baptized and confirmed members of the Church. Their confirmation bestows upon them the gift of the Holy Ghost, and, with this gift, comes a burning desire to fully understand the truths of this great cause which they have espoused.

In the early years of the Church, in these valleys, when all of the saints were comparatively recent converts from other religious faiths, there was evident the same eager desire to fully understand the gospel plan, to live up to its responsibilities, and to receive its blessings.

In the missions, the members desire, above all else, to learn the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. Associations have been known to use a doctrinal course year after year, not minding the repetition, for each year they have recognized new truths, or have learned to apply the truths better to their individual lives.

For use in the present year, a purely doctrinal course of lessons has been prepared. These lessons are designed, primarily, for the mission branches, made up of comparatively new converts—members such as I have just described. It is anticipated that all of the associations in the foreign missions will use this course for the reason that the present year's literature lessons, "America, as Revealed in Its Literature," may not be attractive to them, as it is hardly appropriate for their use. And there will be branches in the missions in this country, and some wards in the stakes, which will find these optional lessons better suited to their needs.

"The Gospel as a Way of Life" is the subject of the course. The lessons, written by Elder T. Edgar Lyon, are simple and teachable (Dr. Lyon is a teacher in our Church schools), and are replete with illustrations of common experience. References are confined to the standard works of the Church. This is for the reason that these books are available to the members in foreign lands, translated into their own language.

This course is devoted to the first principles of the gospel; to faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. The final lessons have to do with the fruits of the gospel, the last one being devoted to the abundant life, meaning a life abundant with righteousness, in service to fellow men, and in obedience to the laws of God.

It will be apparent that these lessons will attain their objective—to strengthen the members in the knowledge of the fundamentals of the gospel plan, to make them more serene and sure in their faith. This will give them a spiritual strength, especially in their homes, that nothing else can give, for they will be strengthened in patience, forgiveness, humility, courage in the face of trials, and in kindness. The influence upon their growing children will be one of the greatest gifts to come to them from this knowledge of the gospel. For only in the home can the moral and religious virtues be ingrained into the lives of children.

This simple, teachable, faith-promoting course is designed to help us to so make the gospel a part of us, that beauty, morality, and spirituality will be present in our surroundings, and become a part of our daily lives.

May God bless us all in our efforts to interpret the gospel in the lives of the women of the Church, that all the world may be led to say of us, "Yes, they are different."

Congregational Singing and Song Practice

Blanche B. Stoddard

Member, Relief Society General Board

"THE hymns we sing, speak what we are and what we believe. Faith and sorrow, hope and courage, trust and obedience, joy and thanksgiving—all are spoken from the heart in the song."

The Lord himself acclaimed the power of music when, in July 1830, he gave a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, directed to Emma Smith, in which he told her she was to make a selection of sacred hymns:

> For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (Doc. and Cov. 25:12).

I wonder if we realize that, for a few of our sisters, the only time they bear testimonies is in congregational singing. So, should not good congregational singing be an integral part of our Relief Society program? Do you choristers and organists realize how important you are?

The first requisite, of course, is enthusiasm. There is no substitute for that. I have in mind one Relief Society chorister who shows her enthusiasm by standing before her congregation without a book. She knows her songs, and sings them because she loves them, so we cannot help but join in. I am sure she studies ahead of time the songs she is to conduct.

I think we are too haphazard. For instance, in how many of our meetings do we see the presiding officer and the chorister hurriedly thumbing through the song book at one minute to two, trying to decide on an opening song? If the teacher for that day had waited until 2:20 to decide what she would give in her lesson, we could expect a very poor presentation, couldn't we? Why should not the chorister feel just as keenly her responsibility?

We suggest that the ward preparation meeting be the time to select the songs for every meeting of the month. The songs and the lessons should correlate, as should any special numbers to be given. Then, at this meeting, the chorister and organist and class leaders should make their selections together. The lesson work this year, especially in the literature course, will provide a splendid opportunity for correlation with the music. During the month, the organist will have a chance to practice, if necessary, and the chorister can use time valuably in studying the words and time of these songs, and really interpret them for the edification of the Relief Society membership. The success of good congregational singing is in having everyone follow the leader. And so, the leader must know definitely where she is going.

We hope sisters, that our singing will be "worshipful singing." In other words, we hope that the message of our songs will be the thing we want to get out of them.

Samuel Smedley wrote the words of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" about 1789. It was my privilege to know very well the composer of the music as we now have it in our hymn book. Brother Louis D. Edwards was a contemporary and very dear friend of Evan Stephens. He composed many of our Sunday School songs, among them "Hark, Listen to the Trumpeters." He moved to my home town, La Grande, Oregon, about 1915, and conducted our stake choir for many years. I was fortunate enough to be his organist. He always wrote a special accompaniment for the hymns and anthems we sang, so I learned many fine lessons from him —not all regarding music. He wore his gray hair long on his shoulders and had piercing black eyes, as I imagine the Apostle Paul had, and his testimony was just as powerful as Paul's. We sang "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" at his funeral in 1921.

Do you see, sisters, what we mean when we say "worshipful singing?"

We hope Relief Society presidents are giving the choristers time for song practice twice each month. We suggest that this be carefully prepared and worked out by the chorister and organist. We hope, also, that you will teach new songs. We are in a rut, I am afraid, and choose the line of least resistance in singing the same songs over and over. During song practice, analyze the words of the song, as has been suggested, and give the setting and background of the composition. Let all of the sisters learn the soprano part first, then those who read readily can learn the alto. The important thing is that every one shall participate, and that song practice shall be looked forward to with anticipation; a time when no one shall be denied expression; a time for testimonies to be sung.

Get the habit of singing all of the song. Usually, it takes all the verses to convey the message. To avoid monotony, perhaps you would not have an interlude between every verse, only between the second and third. The organist, in her preparation, may learn a variation in interludes, not necessarily just repeating the last two or three measures. I don't believe I have mentioned the importance of the organist. I want to emphasize that now. She can make of a song a ragged, unpleasant thing, or a smooth-flowing, melodious thing.

Sisters, don't ever say, "I am *just* the organist or chorister in Relief Society." Say, "I am the chorister in Relief Society, and I am going to make my work as outstanding and lovely and educational as any other part of the Relief Society program. I am going to be indispensable in the success of my entire organization."

The Importance of Music in Relief Society

Florence J. Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

LET us ponder how important is the music in Church services. This is a question we all should ask ourselves. The experience of all conscientious leaders in Church activity indicates and justifies the conclusion that the music is fundamentally essential in all progressive, significant, and vital services. In fact, without the complement of music, very often the intent of worship would be very much like the letter without the spirit, and would fail to stir the worshiper with a consciousness of the values and beauties of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the message of the prophets.

"Yea," as Longfellow says, "music is the prophet's art; among the gifts that God hath sent, one of the most magnificent."

Now, we still cling to that. We feel that music comes from him and is a gift to us. The human voice is the one instrument that we have been given. God made it, not man. All other instruments are man-made. Consider that. The same instrument you speak with, you sing with, so don't say you can't sing. I am sure that all of us, as Relief Society workers, realize that this is a fact, and that we are anxious to increase our contributions toward the constant availability of musical resources, that our religious services shall, in the future, be richer with appeals and interests than they have been in the past.

The question now arises, What can we do to make this desired and necessary musical availability certain? It seems to me, that we must emphasize certain underlying principles and steps of procedure.

The first of these, I feel, should be a complete and dynamic conversion to the necessity and value of music in relation to the Church, generally, and the Relief Society program, par-

ticularly. Conversion in anything is necessary. You, who sometimes have very little talent, if you can be converted to the thing you are trying to do, you will do it well because you will seek, and seeking, you will find it; and you will knock, and in knocking, it will be opened unto you.

Do not feel that you have to have exceptional gifts to be an organizer and conductor of a singing group. If, however, you have some special gift in this line, it will aid you materially. There are mechanics to music, and most anyone who puts forth the effort can learn them.

Don't ever tell your children, those roundabout you who are trying to sing or trying to play, not to sing or play, that they have no talent. Don't ever say that. Let them use any melody they want to use. Sometimes it is a while before a child is able to sing in tune.

Music is one of the finest cultural arts we know, and it is a thing that many of us can express at the same time.

Now, if you can just absorb some of these things, I know you can go into your wards and into your stakes, and you can organize and begin to move forward. And that is our thought now, in this Centennial year. Transportation is not such a problem, and we do want our Singing Mothers' organizations to function. I have been able to be out and hear a few of them in our conventions, and I have been delighted with the work. Sometimes the groups are very large, sometimes they are small. Let us try and see if we can bring in all the women who want to sing, and then see if we can have something to give them when they come.

After we have decided that we are definitely converted to the great power of music, and we have agreed that music is the handmaid of religion, and a great power for good, then, I would suggest an adequate musical preparation. We need that just as much as we need these lessons. We need our textbooks. We must have something we can refer to.

If you read music now, learn to read it better. Take the printed page of music, and don't feel that it is a stranger to you, that you can't read it. It takes so little to have a fervent appreciation of music, to discriminate properly between musical values, and to be able to conduct music intelligently, and with due artistry. This, naturally, involves some well-planned and systematic study and training, and, in order to secure such help, we should seek out teachers who are competent to give us the necessary instruction. Such teachers are not necessarily in remote places, but may be found in your own neighborhood. Also, such training need not be expensive. What about the school music teacher in your town? He would gladly share his learning with you, and, perhaps, just for the asking.

You choristers are working with groups, mature and young; people who have sung, and people who, perhaps, have gone for years without singing. We have that group. Then, we have the young ones who have not sung much, and who really make a lovely group. I like some younger singers with the more mature singers. In maturity, we have the body of tone; in the younger singers, we have the freshness of tone.

How can we blend these groups? Our voices, in a sense, are as individu-

al as our faces are. How are we going to help them, and how are we going to blend them in a common tone, something that we can all plan and work toward, and that will come out beautifully?

This year, I hope you can get your groups together and plan something. You all can do that. There will be music mentioned in your *Relief Society Magazine*. There was some in the December *Magazine* for 1942. In choosing your songs, choose something that has some goodness to it, and there are good things, not all such simple things. Don't keep your repertoire down to such simple things all the time. Let's do things a little harder—let's progress. I know you people can do that, in part rehearsal. I'm stressing that—part rehearsal.

Don't have all sopranos. When you come to making your chorus, just simply say, "I've got to have so many altos; I've got to have so many sopranos." Try and get some of these younger people who are coming into Relief Society. They need you and you need them.

RECEPTION FOR STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS
Wednesday Evening, October 2, 1946

Receiving line, left to right: General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering; Second Counselor, Gertrude R. Garff; First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; General President Belle S. Spafford; Board member, Leone G. Layton.

OFFICERS' MEETING, OCTOBER 3, 1946

Report and Official Instructions

President Belle S. Spafford

SISTERS, we are very pleased to greet this large gathering of Relief Society women again this morning and to bid you welcome to this meeting.

We have a few figures from the annual report that we wish to bring to your attention, in order that you may better understand the trend that the various phases of this organization are taking, and that you may understand the phases of the program which, perhaps, require special attention during the coming year. The annual report for 1945 reveals that we now have Relief Society organizations in every state in the Union.

Membership

The membership figures for 1945 disturb us just a little, in that they show a loss of 371 members, with the total membership of the Society at the close of 1945 as 101,691. This loss in membership we attribute to the fact that many organizations which were meeting on Sunday, which was a war-time expedient, have changed, and are now meeting on a weekday. We wish you to know that we approve the weekday meeting. We feel that more advantages come to the women when they meet on a weekday.

Another thing that has interfered with our membership has been the population shift due to the close of the war. We have had some losses, also, from deaths and resignations, and a few losses from names being removed from the rolls, names of inactive members.

Now, you do have the privilege, sisters, of removing names from the rolls under certain circumstances, but we hope that you will only exercise this privilege according to the rules set down by the General Board. It is a very serious thing to remove the name of a Latter-day Saint woman from a Relief Society roll. It should never be done without her full knowledge and full consent, and following a personal visit to her by the president or someone appointed by the president.

We feel that there is opportunity for increasing our Relief Society membership. It is presumed that there is at least one woman eligible for Relief Society membership in each family of the Church. There are 61,660 Latter-day Saint families in the stakes of Zion not represented in Relief Society, and we wish that special attention be given to these women who are not enrolled. We also wish that you would give special attention to the young women, the brides, who are just beginning to establish homes, and who need to build their homes on the foundation of Latter-day Saint standards. We hope that you will bring these young women into the organization. They need Relief Society and Relief Society needs them.

Visiting Teaching

We are very happy to report to you that there is an upturn in our

visiting-teaching program. Everywhere we note an increased interest in the work and an improved attitude toward it, and the figures also show an improvement in our visiting teaching. As a matter of fact, we had 7.2 visits to Latter-day Saint homes out of a possible 12. We think this is a fairly good record and it is particularly gratifying in that it shows an improvement over the year before.

Sewing Program

The educational courses were well received during 1945, with our class leaders doing excellent work. The Society, through the medium of the work meeting, carried forward an extensive sewing program. But only one-third of the women of our organization participated in the sewing program. This is disturbing to us in that it doesn't represent enough women doing the sewing, and this figure has persisted for two or three years. We hope that you will make concentrated effort to bring more women into the sewing program. We hope that you will do a great deal to teach the young women to sew. This is our responsibility as Relief Society workers. The goal of this Society is to have every member gain the training, and experience, the joy and satisfaction that come from participating in our sewing program.

Compassionate Service

Our compassionate services have enlisted the attention of thousands of women, and a great deal of creditable work has been done. However, this is another phase of our program that we feel we could expand with profit. We hope that you will give special attention during the coming year to the compassionate services which are so much needed today.

European Relief

During the month of December in 1945, the Society, in support of the Church Welfare Plan, participated in an extensive relief program for the aid of the destitute Latter-day Saints in European countries. This participation included contribution by Relief Society of a total of 7,200 blankets and quilts. We also contributed 47,173 bars of soap to this program, and the sisters assisted in the collection, sorting, mending and packing of 562,279 articles of good, used clothing for distribution to the European saints. The Relief Society General Board sincerely appreciates the work that you sisters did in support of the European relief program. You not only rendered good service, but you rendered it in the spirit of willing service. You seemed happy to do it, and we were grateful for that.

Annual Report

I hope that you will look at the annual report published in the September issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*; study it carefully, sisters. It has been prepared in a new and very interesting style by our General Secretary Margaret Pickering.

Participation in Other Programs

Now, several questions have come into the office during recent months which we wish to answer for you here this morning. We have had numerous requests regarding the participation of our organization in health and other programs, worthy programs, which are wholly, or partially supported by funds other than Church funds. We have been advised by Church authorities that Re-

lief Society, as an organization, should not undertake to promote such programs, that the members of Relief Society might help individually as you did during war-time in support of the American Red Cross.

Participation of Girls in Welfare Sewing

The handbook for leaders of Latter-day Saint girls indicates that in working toward the standard group award that girls participate in Church Welfare projects. Relief Society presidents have evidenced some concern regarding turning over to the girls Welfare sewing assigned to the Society which requires supervision or sewing experience, since the girls, in most instances, cannot attend our regular Relief Society work meetings where such supervision is given, and since they do not themselves have a meeting where Relief Society workers could go and give them the directions that they need in preparing these articles. We are advised by the Presiding Bishopric that it is not expected that the girls share the Welfare sewing, requiring technical sewing skill, unless you can provide some supervision for them. But, sisters, there is much sewing assigned to us by the Church Welfare Program which does not require technical skill, and we feel that it would be a fine thing to share this sewing with the girls. The participation of the girls in the Welfare sewing would be encouraging to them, and I think, too, it would be good training looking toward their eventual membership in our organization, and it would also bring them close to the Church Welfare Program. So if you have sewing that you can release to them, we think it would be a splendid thing to do.

Quilting Rates

Quilt-making is both traditional and extensive in Relief Society, and thousands of quilts are made annually for various purposes. Relief Society women give willingly of their time in quilting for the needy, and for co-operative, help-one-another quilting projects. They also give of their time in quilting to earn funds for the local Society by the quilts being sold at bazaars, or for individual orders, for example, where people order a quilt for their own use. The women give their time in this service.

Obviously, Relief Society members should not be expected to give service on quilting for individuals who can afford to pay for this service at rates which yield too little income for the organization in proportion to the quilt-making service. Now, we don't want to be misunderstood; you should not charge prices that are too high. We want you to give full value in sewing, or any other type of service, in this organization. We stand for that.

But I wish to give you this little example to illustrate why we bring this before this meeting.

In one ward a quilt was made for a woman living in a neighboring state. It was reported to me by her stake president that at least 204 hours were required to quilt this quilt, with thirty-five women participating at different times. Had one woman made the quilt, it would have required her working seven hours a day for thirty days. The Society charged $8.00 for the quilting service.

Now, the women give their service to the organization, but it is the responsibility of Relief Society officers to direct this fine service contribution of the women along the most economical and profitable lines to the Society. You have a responsibility to utilize this contributed service in the most necessary and profitable way. We call this to your attention for that purpose.

Now, some of you have asked about quilting prices. We refer you to *The Relief Society Magazine*, September 1944, page 526, for suggested prices.

Missionary Work Not Relief Society Responsibility

Since the opening up of missionary work, following the release of so many of our young people from war service, a number of Relief Society presidents have asked for advice as to whether or not Relief Society should collect funds or use funds which they may have on hand to support a missionary in the field. Relief Society has not been assigned the responsibility of keeping missionaries in the field. It appears that the work assigned to us is so great in scope that Relief Society should not assume added responsibilities.

Relief Society Building

Last year the Relief Society women in the general session of our conference voted to support the General Board in a building program, in the erection of a Relief Society building in Salt Lake City. Due to circumstances over which we have had no control, we have up to date been unable to go forward with our building program. However, as soon as definite plans are worked out and approved, you will be advised.

Scope of Relief Society Work

Sisters, the work of Relief Society is a great and a mighty work. It is the work assigned by the Church to the women of the Church. It takes the diligence, it takes the ability, it takes the prayer, it takes the faith, it takes the understanding of everyone of you to carry it forward, and it is the prayer of my heart that everyone of us will be endowed by our Heavenly Father with the requirements necessary to carry forward the work, and that we will experience the joy and the satisfaction that come from serving our Heavenly Father and keeping his commandments. And may he bless you in the work to which you are called, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Tribute to Sister Louise Y. Robison

President Belle S. Spafford

Delivered at the general session of Relief Society Conference, Thursday afternoon, October 3, 1946

AT our last general conference, held one year ago, we were honored by the presence of Sister Louise Y. Robison. For many years Sister Robison presided over the Relief Society organization as its General President. At our last conference, we were inspired by her words, as she bore testimony to the value of membership in this organ-

ization for Latter-day Saint women. On March 30, 1946, Sister Robison passed away, leaving the great Relief Society sisterhood, whom she had so loved and so faithfully served, to mourn her passing. Through her graciousness and her good works, Sister Robison endeared herself to Relief Society women the world over. Revelations 14:13 says:

> Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

The works of Sister Robison will live on, a testimony to her faith and her diligence in promoting the work of our beloved Relief Society. We know that Sister Robison has entered into the place prepared by the Father for his faithful, who serve him and keep his commandments. We are grateful, as a Relief Society organization, for the life of Louise Y. Robison, and we pay tribute to her as a beloved and a noble leader of Latter-day Saint women.

WINTER RAIN

Marguerite Kirkham

The rain fell, cold and drizzling gray,
On the garden and on the lawn;
It beat, in a steady rhythmic sound,
From the dusk of day to the dawn.

The dead leaves clung to dampened earth,
The trees were deep in wintry sleep;
And all was drab, and bleak, and brown,
And all the willows seemed to weep.

But when I looked with different eyes,
I saw the summer garden there,
With roses smiling in the sun
And blossoms scenting soft, warm air.

And then I felt within my heart
The glory of the winter rain,
And knew its gloomy downward fall
Was summer's promising refrain.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

EVAN STEPHENS' SINGING CLASSES: For some years a great deal has been said about Bro. Stephens' wonderful faculty for teaching singing, and it is well known that his efforts in behalf of the youth of Zion have already been attended with the best success. . . . But to accomplish this the student must be interested in the work as well as the teacher. . . . Like many other professional men, Brother Stephens needs encouragement, and enthusiastic, as well as practical support from the community. . . .

THE NEW YEAR: How little any of us know, unless by the spirit of prophecy at the commencement of a new year, what awaits us or our friends, or our people, ere the year shall draw to a close. . . . Faith in God, humility and patience, will overcome, and the right will triumph. . . . And, though it is not expected all who hear will believe, yet the Gospel must be sounded to all nations. . . . It is to be hoped that in the year now opening up great progress may be made in Zion, spiritual, mental and moral. . . . And coupled with this wish, the *Exponent* extends congratulations of the season and a happy new year to all.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The several wards of this city, and the country wards, as far as we have learned, have been specially mindful of the poor, the aged and the sick during the Christmas season.

CANDIES AND CREAMS: A cream made of confectioner's sugar is the basis of uncooked candies. Take a good-sized bowl and break into it the white of one, two, or more eggs, and add to it an exactly equal quantity of cold water. Then stir in confectioner's sugar slowly until you have it stiff enough to be moulded. . . . Flavor to taste with any essence liked best. . . . Another delicious variety may be made by working into the cream the juice and grated rind of an orange. . . .

BOX ELDER STAKE: The Thirty-third Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of Box Elder Stake convened on the 14th of December, 1886. . . . After the opening exercises Prest. Harriet Snow arose and said, "I feel thankful we have the privilege to meet once more in a conference capacity. I trust we may have the Spirit of the Lord to guide us . . . ." Susannah P. Boothe, Prest. of 1st Ward, said, "Let us remember our brethren and sisters who cannot be with us. We can do a great deal of good in cheering those who are down-hearted, besides doing good to the poor. . . . I hope we will not be weary in well doing. . . ." Sister Perry, Prest. of Three Mile Creek, said, "What good we have learned will follow us into Eternity. . . . Let us be kind and helpful to those in trouble. Let us do all in our power to share their troubles and comfort them. . . ."

DANCING IN THE WHITE HOUSE: Since Mrs. Cleveland has returned home it has turned out that she went to New York to shop and buy dresses. The report is that the new dresses have been ordered without train, or dancing length, as the dressmakers say . . . . it is said that Mrs. Cleveland intends giving one or two dancing parties in the White House.—Ex.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THIS month marks the beginning of the Centennial celebration of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley. As we unfurl the scroll of history these hundred years have written, we are proud of the quality of womanhood our Church has produced. The typical Mormon woman—and she is legion—has nobility, kindliness, integrity, intelligence, talent, gentility, and a surpassing faith.

AN interesting highlight of the past history of our State was the appointment by Governor Heber M. Wells, in the year 1900, of a woman as superintendent of public instruction for a period of three months, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. John R. Park. The woman was Mrs. Emma J. McVicker, an instructor at the predecessor of the present Westminister College. She had been nominated for that position in 1895, running against the beloved Dr. Park. However, the supreme court ruled her candidacy illegal. (Women had not yet won suffrage.) She very graciously withdrew, urging the support of Dr. Park.

IN the national news in 1900, was a widow, Mrs. Alice Northlane, of Sioux City, Iowa, a cultured gentlewoman and a skilled musician, who won fame and affluence for herself by being one of the best judges of cattle in the United States. She felt that women needed what the New Englanders call "faculty," which she defined as "ability, adaptability, capability."

IN the international news in 1900 was Tora, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the most popular hostesses in London. Also, Miss Lillias Hamilton was court physician to the Ameer of Afghanistan.

MRS. ANNA CATHERINE PETERSON RASMUSSEN, of Castle Dale, recently died at the age of 102 years. She was one of those most invaluable Latter-day Saints, a midwife and nurse of the early pioneer days. She was the oldest woman in Utah. That title now rests with Mrs. Sylvia Elizabeth Metcalf, of Gunnison, 101 years old. She lived through Indian uprisings and learned the Indian language. She has four daughters living (one died a few weeks ago), 50 grandchildren, 125 great-grandchildren and fourteen great-great-grandchildren.

TWELVE nations sent delegates to the board meeting in Brussels of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Many of them were not permitted by their countries to take out one piece of money, so difficulties were many. Quite a number had been prisoners in concentration camps. Their one great desire is to work for peace.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 JANUARY 1947 NO. 1

The New Frontier

"I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause; which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number" (Job 5:8-9).

ONE hundred years ago, Latter-day Saint women and their families were preparing to travel into an unknown land, the wilderness of the great West. The places which were familiar and dear to them had already become part of the past, and most of these women never expected to see their homeland again. They looked towards the prairies that reached to the mountains, and their wagons began the long trek over the emigrant trail, where few women before them had passed.

With the pioneer women, as with us today, only the conditions of the physical world around them were strange, for in their hearts there was a steadfast surety. They possessed that "kingdom of the soul" which could not be altered, and which would never disappear.

Today, our world is strange and unfamiliar around us, and we see much that was good and strong and beautiful being swept away by forces beyond our control. It is a pity that men, formed in the image of God and destined to walk uprightly before him, should feel themselves weak and powerless before mechanical creatures of their own making.

In the presence of this great fear, our thoughts go back to former times, and we may be inclined to look upon the past, an age of achievement and high endeavor, as a Utopia that cannot return.

And yet our thoughts should not be wholly turned in that direction. We were not made to walk backwards. Our eyes should look towards the future, the new frontier.

Nevertheless, the old solutions are still applicable to our new problems. True Christianity, the true gospel of Jesus, in all its purity and strength, has never yet been lived by any large part of the world at any one time. The practice of this gospel and its extension constitute, for us, the work of the future.

We, as Latter-day Saints, have all the guides for our personal development, and for happiness and accord within the group, which were tested of old—the ancient commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes—all of them implemented and strengthened by the scriptures and teachings given in this day. Thus, although our problems may be strange and threatening, the old answers still apply, the old virtues and the old commandments have never lost their validity. They still stand, and will stand as long as the earth endures—and after.

V.P.C.

Gift Subscriptions

The General Board of Relief Society wishes to express appreciation for the many gift subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* being received for use in the mission field. The donors are assured that the subscriptions are gratefully received, and are valuable aids in missionary work. Where specific persons are not designated to be recipients of these gifts, the subscriptions will be sent to the various mission headquarters to be used by missionaries in furthering the work of Relief Society in the mission field.

New Serial to Begin in February

A new serial "Where Trails Run Out," by Anna Prince Redd, will begin in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. This story, authentically based on the exciting and colorful exploration and early settlement of the San Juan country and the border towns of Colorado, is particularly fitting as a feature commemorating Utah's Centennial, and will prove to be of interest to our readers.

A MOTHER TO HER BABE

Roxana Farnsworth Hase

I cannot feel that I have lived in vain,
Nor do I mind the hours of bitter pain
Now I behold you, feel you in my arms,
And know the lovely beauty that conforms
The sweet perfection that is yours today.
No matter what may come, years far away,
Now you are mine, straight from beauty's realm
And I am glad that I am at the helm
Of your frail bark to chart your course awhile,
To start you on your trip around Time's dial.
You are the product of my yesteryears,
You hold my ideals, longings, hopes, and fears.
I see in you my plan of life fulfilled,
I build you castles no one else could build,
Then hold you close; all else seems far away—
I dream my dreams . . . . for you are mine today.

Faith Is a Heritage

Christie Lund Coles

CHAPTER 10

AS time went on, Enid made up, in every way possible, to Sharon for the lonely little-girl years. There were barbecue suppers in the back yard, buffet suppers for the crowd, more formal dinners.

It did something to Sharon to know that she *belonged*, to know that she could carry her end in all her social contacts, that she needn't be afraid to accept an invitation for fear she couldn't return it properly.

Enid tried to give her the good things. At the same time, she had to help her keep a sense of the greater values. Sometimes, Enid wasn't too sure she was succeeding. Sharon was so alive, so full of fun, and she seemed to expect too much from life. Was she prepared to return in full for other things, as she did for the social obligations? It was hard for Enid to judge, as she had had the entire responsibility of rearing Sharon.

Yet, all seemed well. Sharon was selected valedictorian of her high-school class, which seemed to Enid to be a signal honor. She ached with pride in this tall, beautifully poised young woman, who so recently had been her baby.

On the night before the graduation exercises, Enid sat stitching on the white tulle with its delicate pink and blue embroidery. As she finished the last, tiny stitch, she laid the dress carefully over a large chair where Sharon would see it first thing when she came from the party. Enid didn't wait up for her any more. Keeping house, teaching, entertaining, drained too much of her strength. Besides, she knew her daughter resented, just a little, her sitting up, and, after all, Sharon didn't need to be watched; she could be depended upon to do the right thing.

Tonight, however, Enid would have liked to have waited up for Sharon, to have seen her when she picked up the billowy white dress, to have heard her exclamation. Enid wanted very much to have a heart-to-heart talk with her, to know what the girl planned to say tomorrow in her speech.

Enid wondered if she were a little jealous because life was taking Sharon away from her so much of the time, a little jealous that Sharon had prepared this speech without any help, any suggestions. They had been so close, always, that it seemed impossible now that there could be any gulf between them, anything unshared.

Enid decided that she wasn't jealous, that she just wanted to be sure she had done a good job, so that whatever might happen to Sharon, she would have something within her that would give her the strength to meet life.

The next day, as she helped Sharon get ready, Enid was patient with her in her excitement and nervousness.

"Oh, Mother," cried Sharon, "I'm scared to death. I'll never get through this . . . I just won't ever."

Enid said something which she had told herself she would not say, hoping the girl herself would mention it first, "Don't . . . don't you think you should read me your speech, let me hear how it sounds before you give it? You've been so secretive about it."

Sharon avoided meeting her mother's eyes, pretended interest in the way her skirt fell about her hips. "I'd rather not, Mother . . . if you don't mind. You come up there and hear it."

"All right . . . if that's how you want it. But we haven't ever had any secrets, don't let's start."

"This isn't a secret, Mom. It's just . . . Oh, I can't tell you."

Her young face was so pained that Enid smiled at her reassuringly, "Forget it. And hurry! Ray will be here to pick you up in a few minutes."

"You like him, don't you? You think he's nice?"

"Yes, I like him very much, but I don't want you to get too serious."

"We won't . . . not for a few years. You can be sure of that."

Later, Enid dressed and went to the commencement exercises. She saw Mr. Fletcher sitting on the stand. He was to be one of the speakers. Enid knew that since she had given him a definite "no" for an answer, he had been courting a widow from a neighboring town, but it didn't mean anything to her. Even with the loneliness of her life crowding upon her, she knew that there could be nothing between them. She had known something so real, so wonderful, once, that she could not be satisfied with something inferior.

SHE took her seat as near the front as she dared to sit without appearing to be too anxious. Her heart was pounding harder than if she herself were to deliver the address. She kept praying that Sharon would do all right, would not be too nervous.

She was startled from her thoughts by a voice beside her saying, "Hello. Do you remember me?"

She looked up to see the tall figure of Mr. Richards, Billy Richard's father, who had visited her at school the day Miss Nobbit had died. "Of course I do," she assured him, putting her hand rather spontaneously into his, "How are you?"

"Wonderful," he beamed upon her, "are you saving this seat for anyone special?"

"Not unless it is for you," she told him, feeling young and gay for the first time in ages. "Sit down."

He talked to her freely until the program started, and told her they had discovered a rather rare mineral on his farm, which might mean a great deal to him. "Of course, I'll keep on farming," he said, "it's sort of in my blood. I like the look of the earth, new-turned by a plow; the first green showing above it. I like to get out at sunrise and look at the quiet and beautiful world on all sides of me, to feel myself part of it . . ."

"Why, you're a poet," she murmured, delighted, "you could convert a whole city full of people to becoming farmers with such language."

"Maybe I could convert you to coming out to see it. I've thought of you many times since that day. But . . . I didn't dare ask you for a date. I heard you were going with Mr. Fletcher. Then, just the other day, I heard he was going to marry some woman from out of town . . ."

"Is he? I hope he'll be happy," she replied. Then she turned back toward the stage. "Sh. . ." she whispered, "they're going to begin."

The first part of the program did not register much with Enid because of the excitement of waiting for Sharon, of seeing her on the stand, her slender hands folded in her lap, her head held high.

Then, it was time for Sharon's speech. She came forward rather slowly. No one would have dreamed that she was frightened, but Enid knew by the way she steadied herself with her hand on the small table. Her words began, they flowed out, thoughtful, sincere, beautiful words.

She said, in part, "We do not ask an easy life, we ask, instead, strength for a hard one if it comes. We ask courage and faith similar to that which those we love have shown through all the years that we have known them.

"We are the new leaf upon which will be written the story of our generation. We are not so different from those who have gone before us. We ask only to be worthy of their approbation, only to be deserving of their faith. For faith is the greatest heritage which anyone can receive."

Enid felt the tears sting her eyes. She remembered saying those words to her daughter. The words about faith being a heritage. Sharon *had* remembered. Enid felt sure she would always remember. She knew now why Sharon hadn't wanted to read the speech to her. It lay too close to her heart, too intimate. Youth had a pride that recoiled from revealing the best that was in them for fear it might appear as a weakness. But it was there, just the same . . . Enid knew. Here, in these words, was the answer to all her questions, the recompense for all her years, fulfillment of her prayers.

Wherever Tom was, she felt that he could see and hear and understand. She was sure his spirit had been with her all the way.

The diplomas were given out, people began to leave. Bill Richards stepped back to let her go before him. He seemed not to notice her tears, and said only, "You've done a good job."

She smiled at him tremulously. He knew, as only one who had shared a similar experience could know. She appreciated his words.

They walked out together and met Sharon at the door. Enid couldn't find words to speak, neither could her daughter. They merely looked at one another and the tears welled from their bright, bright eyes.

Bill Richards said, "It's stuffy in here. Maybe you and your daughter would like to drive out to my farm and have some homemade ice cream."

Sharon wrinkled her nose at him, "O-h, boy! We certainly would. Can Ray go along?"

"Bring anybody you want," he assured her, good-naturedly, "We'll be out front."

They drove west of town, saw the green, lush fields, the tall poplars bordering the road, the streams that gurgled and sang over the rocks as though repeating the words, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Enid smiled to herself in complete contentment, in utter, joyous peace. She knew that, as the past had been good, the future, too, would be taken care of, would be rich and full.

If she kept her heritage of faith.

The End

Theology—Church History

Lesson 23—Unsung Heroes in Zion's Cause

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, April 1, 1947

Objective: To appreciate the countless unheralded men and women who have stood firm within the Church, to move forward the work of the Lord.

UTAH'S centennial year 1947 has come in with marked celebrations. Thousands of dollars will be spent to bring to mind again the men and women who crossed the plains to build their Zion. The leaders and colonizers of the great Latter-day Saint State will be fittingly eulogized, and monuments of lasting beauty will rise to tell their story. All this should be, for every cause must have great men to lead. Yet, too, in every movement, there must be those who follow in faith and devotion. It is to these unsung heroes in Zion's cause that we now most fittingly, in the year of 1947, pause to pay tribute. Their number is legion, their modest deeds and virtues countless, and without them, there could have been no kingdom of the Lord established.

Unlike the other lessons in this series, this lesson will not have questions and readings for discussion. Rather, it is suggested that the hour should be spent in recalling faith-promoting stories that certainly abound in every Latter-day Saint home. For those classes which do not have the older saints, it is suggested that stimulating stories of the early settlers of Utah, recorded in biographical form, be assigned for telling on the day this lesson is given. It is hoped, however, that in every ward and branch Relief Society there may be found the individual stories of a local nature, which may, on this day, herald the unsung stories of men and women, whose deeds the Lord has faithfully recorded for reward.

For an example of the stories that are sure to be found for such a lesson as this, the following heretofore unwritten account of William Terry of Draper, Utah, is given:

On the pleasant countryside of Rhode Island some hundred years ago, two young hearts found companionship. The boy answered to the name of William, the girl befittingly was known as Mary. They were married. She then became a Terry, and only on occasion referred to her maiden name of Phillips. These two young people proudly traced their line back to the Mayflower stock of New England. Serious in deportment were they, for the Lord's

word had ever been a part of their upbringing.

Not many of the happy years of their married life had passed before Latter-day Saint missionaries found them and their then small family of girls. Wholeheartedly, these two embraced the faith and set out for a land unknown, which God had set aside for his people. Ere their journey to the mountains was completed, another little girl was born, who was given her mother's name. When William and Mary finally looked upon the promised land, their eyes were filled with tears. Before them lay a dry and burning stretch of earth. "Sage, sage, sage," spoke William. "Mary, if it weren't for my religion, I'd yoke these oxen again and turn them back to New England."

But they went on, and obedient to their leader's call, settled south against the sheltering upland of the Wasatch Range, to help found the town now known as Draper, Utah.

There were many hard years ahead, years of cold and hunger, before the green fields of wheat and corn blossomed in the valley sun. One winter, father William had but little food for his family. The flour sacks were empty by the time the early March winds cut through the cabin. One day, as this good man went forth to open the ditches along his acres, his youngest daughter Mary, with childlike love, saw the pain of hunger in his face. Lovingly, she found the flour sacks and set about to dust them for every precious sift. Her patience was rewarded, for by afternoon, she had enough to make two small johnnycakes.

When evening came her father did not return. At first, there was no alarm, for it was thought he had stayed late to end his chores. But when the night began to fall, the little girl helped her mother bolt the door. Indians were always near, and in their dark and quiet forms, one never knew what danger might be found.

At midnight, there came a quiet tapping at the door. The mother stirred to ask who knocked, in hopes it might have been her husband, but when no answer came, in fear, she approached the covered window.

Mary, her daughter, meantime thinking it was her father, had slipped to the door and unlatched its fastenings. To her surprise, a foot was forced within. In fear, the little girl leaned with all her might against the door to pin the toe that appeared. Her mother hastened to her aid, and together they held whoever was without from further pushing. By this time, two other daughters, awakened by the noise, joined in the struggle. Presently Mary, the youngest child, exclaimed, "Mother, it is father's shoe." With an anguished cry of relief and pain, they flung open the door. There, half slumped against its frame, stood William, too faint and weak to even knock again. With loving care, the family helped him in and up to the little fire where they warmed him into life again. How sweet it was for Mary, then, to offer him the johnnycakes her little hands had dusted into being.

After several years of struggle and effort, the Terry home in Draper began to look more like the New England cottage William and Mary had left for the Church. Trees and grass replaced the purple sage, and the surrounding acres no longer baked in the sun. To add the eastern touch of their former home, they built a loom in the attic. There, father Terry, under the watchful eyes of his girls, would set the shuttles busily weaving the cloth so much in demand by the town folk and the saints on the surrounding farms. Things grew brighter, and the struggle of the plains, and the hardships of the early settlement, began to fade into memory.

One day an important letter arrived from Salt Lake City. Father Terry opened it and read. His face became grave.

"What is it, William?" asked his wife.

"We've been called on a mission to help colonize Southern Utah, where it is said, they can grow cotton and silk for weaving. President Young wants all the experienced textile workers he can enlist to move south and help develop the industry."

Mary touched the corner of her apron to her eyes and turned away. Nothing more was said about the letter that night at the supper table. When the morning came, after a night of prayers, William went out to the barn to hitch up his team. "I've been asked to report to Brother Young's office as soon as possible," he told his wife, "to discuss the matter of our move. I'll be back by evening."

The best part of the forenoon had

passed by the time William Terry arrived at Brigham Young's office. He entered the outer room, removed his hat, and seated himself. It was a busy office. Many people were there, who passed in to see the president. One after another gained conference and left, but no one of the office help inquired of Brother Terry as to his visit. The afternoon wore on. At four o'clock, William picked up his hat and left. He was an independent New Englander. That evening, when he arrived home with no report, he told his wife that they would have a few more days to wait before final word was given on the call.

A week passed. Then, one morning a second letter arrived from Salt Lake City. Unmistakably, the envelope indicated the sender. It was from President Young. In effect, he had written inquiring as to why Brother Terry had not been to see him, as requested. The next day Father Terry sat down and answered. Politely he informed the president of his trip to Salt Lake on the day following the receipt of the first letter, and of his spending the afternoon in the outer office with no results. In conclusion, he wrote, "The trip from Draper to Salt Lake is no farther than the trip from Salt Lake to Draper. I'll be at home any time you care to call."

When President Young received this reply, he immediately drove south. The two Church members met. It was a pleasant but serious conference. They discussed the cause of Zion in its particular relationship to the Terry family. Not long after, Brother William and his family moved south. The sad part of this story is that while in Utah's land of Dixie, William Terry contracted an illness which took his life. He was then in his early forties. Mary and her large family, mostly daughters, again returned to Draper to make their home.

Unsung, but not forgotten to the Lord, are the countless acts of like devotion that made possible the building of Zion in the latter days. This is but small tribute the writer can pay to the memory of so fine a great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

References

Stories of the pioneers, extolling their virtues may be found in many sources, particularly Church magazines. Other rich sources for such stories are the lesson pamphlets issued by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, to be found in most Church communities, and the book *A Story to Tell*, issued by the Sunday School and Primary, for sale at the Deseret Book Co.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 7—Dependability

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, April 1, 1947

Objective: To understand more completely the great pioneer virtue—dependability; to show how the pioneers cherished their honor in their dealings with their fellow men.

RELIGION, which is a mighty force, and helps to bring out the best in man, was uppermost in the minds of the pioneers. It helped to confirm them in their ideal of dependability. It gave them incentive and determination to deal fairly and justly with one another, and with all others, including the traders, the trappers, and the Indians.

The whole life and spirit of the pioneer camps, and, later, of the pio-

neer communities, was conducive to right and proper living. They could be relied upon as individuals and as groups. Their word was as good as their bond.

On the 25th of July, 1847, the day after their arrival in the Valley, the following note was made in the diary of a pioneer:

> The President said he wanted the brethren in overhauling their wagons to return everything that did not belong to them, to the owner, as many things had been changed [exchanged] by the way; even to the value of 6¼ cents.

The diaries of the pioneers reveal the trust and confidence they had in one another and the neighborly spirit of co-operation and generosity which existed. So great was their trust and confidence, that both men and women exchanged labor, service, and equipment, and even made loans of cash without written agreements.

In those days, contracts for raising and feeding cattle, for clearing land, and for building homes were often only oral, but they were completed without misunderstandings, because of the honesty and fairness that existed among the people. Women, as well as men, were also generous and trustworthy. One pioneer woman has stated that she nursed a friend on three different occasions when babies were born, and that this friend extended to her the same service.

Following, are two excerpts from the journal of a pioneer of 1847. The first refers to the time he was a resident of Perry County, Illinois, and was selling his property there preparing to leave for the West:

> The next day I went to the home of my brother-in-law to whom I sold some lands left me by my father. He paid me in property, and, on the 29th of January, I let Brother G. P. D., the elder who had converted and baptized me, two yoke of oxen, worth $65.00 each, and two horses, worth $65.00 each; and also $10.00 in cash to enable him to remove his family to the wilderness, he not having means of his own.

In the second excerpt, May 28, 1848, at Winter Quarters, the pioneer records further:

> I got my wagon and equipment I had left with Brother G. A. S. last fall when I returned from the mountains [Utah] . . . I let Brother S. have my ox team put on a plow to break prairie while I was waiting on the ferry, which was very crowded.

Dependability, as a trait of character, is as necessary today as it was in the days of the pioneers. In Church work, as in everyday living, the person who can be relied upon, whose word is as good as his bond, will be sought after, and his talents will be called into full and useful endeavor, both for the good of himself and that of others.

Anyone who lacks dependability should strive assiduously to cultivate it.

WINTER BOUQUET

Ruth H. Chadwick

Star flowers of hoary filigree
Flank the heavy, crystal plumes,
While frosty snowdrops guarantee
Spring violets and crocus blooms.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Buttonholes and Fasteners

Work Meeting Committee, Velma N. Simonsen, Chairman

Objective: To complete the garment, using proper fastenings and buttonholes.

Textbook Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, Chapter 19.

Buttonholes

Buttonholes should be one sixteenth to one eighth of an inch longer than the diameter of the button. Ball buttons require a larger buttonhole than flat buttons, to allow for their height or thickness. Determine the proper size by cutting a test buttonhole in a piece of waste fabric.

Measure accurately for the placing of buttonholes. Use a ruler, notched cardboard gauge, or mark through the perforation in your pattern. Indicate the position and the length of the buttonhole by a line of running stitches. If the buttonhole is to be made through two or more layers of fabric, baste the layers of fabric firmly together, to hold them in place, before cutting the buttonholes.

It is an artistic accomplishment to be able to make perfectly horizontal, tailored, vertical, bound, corded, two-piece, or welt buttonholes. A buttonhole can either add to or detract from the general effect of an article.

Snap fasteners, hooks and eyes, zippers, and flat buttons are all used for concealed garment closings.

Shank-stem buttons, covered buttons, linked buttons, decorative buttons, tiny buttons, tape and decorative cord fastenings, and plackets, are for practical as well as decorative purposes. The closing of a garment may be concealed or emphasized for decoration, depending upon the type of garment and individual taste.

Fasteners

In choosing the fasteners, it is just as important to understand the uses of the different kinds of fasteners as it is to know how to put them on.

Fasteners should be sewed securely with a heavy cotton thread (unless used on a delicate fabric). For a large button, which will receive hard wear, use linen thread. Never use a rayon or silk thread for buttons, snap fasteners, or hooks and eyes.

BOUND VOLUMES

Those desiring to have their 1946 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound, may do so through the office of the General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost of cloth binding, including index, is $1.75.

Literature—America as Revealed in Its Literature

Lesson 7—America Through Testing Years

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, April 15, 1947

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth (Address of President Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863).

THESE closing lines from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address ring eloquently today as they did during the testing hours of the war between our states. Serious problems then had divided our nation, with each side struggling valiantly for what it felt was right. The issues, bitterly contested in Congress, and among groups of citizens over the land, were not to be resolved through free debate; so war came with all its heartaches, sacrifice, and wounds hard to heal in our national life.

Naturally, through the times before, during, and after the war, there was literature of varied types—song, oration, story, drama—portraying the problems and the spirit of the epoch.

Since slavery was at the root of the struggle, much of this literature pictured the negro and the old plantation life. Typical of this expression, from the white folk, are the ever popular songs of Stephen Foster. With a natural gift for creating lyrics and music, this artist has left us a heritage that carries richly through the years. "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Oh, Susanna," are typical.

All of his songs reveal understanding and appreciation of the folk, white or black, who are pictured. His insight into the varied master and slave relationship is suggested in "My Old Kentucky Home." Its lines make one feel, at first, the happier situation, with the singer voicing joy through these words:

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

Gloom is cast over this joyous picture. Hard times, falling on the kindly master of the plantation, it is suggested, compel the sale of the slaves. They must go "down the river," is the implication, to endure the grinding toil characteristic of the "sugar-cane region." There:

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Then, to console their kind mistress, they sing:

Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today,
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

Here, in essence, is the theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a novel that had much to do with precipitating the conflict. Its chief character, gentle old Uncle Tom, as all who have read Harriet Beecher Stowe's famed story will recall, lived a happy life on a Kentucky plantation; then, because of reverses that fell upon it, was "sold down the ribber"—and came under the lash of Simon Legree. One bright spot, in this darker picture of slavery, was the delicate daughter of the plantation owner, Little Eva, who found some joy and uplift in the kindly old slave. Topsy, the little colored girl, a problem child, adds touches of humor to the tale. This novel, though somewhat melodramatic in cast, and provocative of strong feelings for or against it, still holds its place among our classic stories.

A play, *Harriet*, recently presented on Broadway, with Helen Hayes in the title role, very effectively portrayed the life of the author and the difficult times through which she lived and won her literary fame. In the drama, one is given also a passing acquaintance with Harriet's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, whose eloquent sermons against slavery were a potent help, as was her novel, in stirring folk to abolish the evil from our land.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that one of the greatest songs of America, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was created by Julia Ward Howe, a cousin of Harriet and Henry Ward Beecher. Lines of this great hymn pointed clearly the purpose of the fight:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

America, "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," naturally could not be true to its highest ideals and sanction slavery. The Prophet Joseph Smith was opposed to this evil, and had his constructive plan by which the problem of freeing the slaves might well have been accomplished through peaceful means. It was decreed otherwise. [See D. H. C. I, pp. 204-205.]

Election of Abraham Lincoln placed at the head of our nation a firm hand, a man with kindly heart, and clear understanding of the common people. Wisely, courageously, he guided the "Ship of State" through the stormy sea brought on by the terrible winds of passion. With his determination, first and always to save the Union, he held the forces supporting it true to the course.

Lincoln's lodestar was to *save the Union*. In all the four years of war, that star was kept shining brightly before him. He believed heart and soul in the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, bulwarked by the Constitution of the United States. His attitude and actions, as President, as well as his plain and pointed statements, leave us no doubt as to where he stood, both in relation to the Constitution, and to slavery. To one general he wrote:

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this

judgment and feeling. It was in the oath that I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

To Horace Greeley, who seemed to feel that the President was not filling the demand to free the slaves, Lincoln wrote:

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution . . . . What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

The time came when he issued the "Emancipation Proclamation," which gave a high moral tone to the Northern cause. The proclamation declared free all those slaves in territory in rebellion against the government. It did not affect slaves in slave states which had remained within the Union, or in territory of the seceded states which had been reconquered. This action, taken only after careful, intense thought and discussion with his Cabinet, was done to help save the Union. And the Union was saved; but Abraham Lincoln became a martyr to the cause.

Around his revered name a great deal of literature has been created. Praise has come alike from friend and foe. His Secretary of War, Edward Stanton, said, when the President passed away, "Now, he belongs to the ages." In soulful lyrics, stories, dramas, orations, he is kept alive in spirit for us. Only brief reference can be made here to typical selections, with a few illustrative lines.

"O Captain! My Captain," by Walt Whitman, voices poignant sorrow, picturing the "Ship of State" coming in with flags flying, and people naturally rejoicing in its victory and safe return; but this poet voices his sorrow with these lines:

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

William Cullen Bryant pays tribute in these soulful lines:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

* * * * *

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

One of the sweet stories that portrays the address of Gettysburg in its human setting, is *The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Shipman Andrews. Lincoln, pictured just before, during, and after that address was given, is represented as feeling he had failed. Alongside of the oration delivered by Edward Everett on the same occasion, his simple address of about two minutes seemed to fall with little effect. The people had listened intently to his words, but without applause.

Lincoln, dispirited, so the story goes, returned to the Capital. Next evening, taking a little walk, he was run into by an excited boy who was hurrying to find a lawyer to make a will for his brother, a Confederate captain, near death from wounds at Gettysburg. The President offered to perform this service, and was taken to a nearby hospital. The will drawn, Lincoln was about to leave, when the captain, not knowing to whom he spoke, requested that he stay a few moments. In the brief

conversation, the young officer told how his sister, secretary to a senator who had been at Gettysburg, read to him the address of the President there, and told him what the senator had said:

"What did the senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened . . . .

"He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath—there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer—it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it—down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng—it seems to me, an enemy, that it was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator . . . .

"Other men have spoken stirring words," the captain continued, "for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest that can be partisan without bitterness, and only such today may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American . . . . They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies."

Though this little story is inclined a bit toward the dramatic, it does express some truths beautifully, and it brings a great event closer to us.

Another novel, of greater scope, portraying the struggle and romance of the War, is *The Crisis* by Winston Churchill. Its scene of action is laid largely along the Mississippi, centering round old St. Louis and down the river, when the fight was on to open the way of the Father of Waters for commerce to the Gulf of Mexico.

Another recent novel of great popularity, for a time, is *Gone With the Wind*. As its title suggests, it pictures the effect of the War on the South, particularly in its effects on those of the more aristocratic class. Sherman's devastating "march to the sea" across the heart of the South is vividly portrayed. Through this novel, its author brings the reader close to the realities of the struggle.

Countless other stories, songs, lyrics, orations, and dramas have been created, and still are being created, out of the literary materials bequeathed by the testing years when the fate of the Union was in the balance. Time has softened the bitterness of the desperate fight. Heroic men and women who played their roles in it, on both sides, are placed in the all-American hall of fame. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, Abraham Lincoln, and other great leaders, are held in esteem by right-thinking Americans everywhere.

Literature, such as the following sweet-spirited poem, has laid a healing touch on the wounds of this war between our states, and helped to make North and South again one in spirit.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

* * * * *

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

A simple, beautiful incident inspired this lyric. Its author saw the women of Columbus, Mississippi, one day decorating alike the graves of the Confederate and the Union soldiers buried there.

Another notable expression—the address by Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, delivered before an audience in Boston on "The New South," did much to help bring our nation together. Among the noble expressions in that fine oration are the following:

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten . . . .

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance on the battle in his Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This lofty sentiment, expressed from the heart of a true son of the South, is in perfect keeping with the simple words of General Grant, when, extending his hand to General Lee, he said, "Let us forgive and forget."

Discussion and Activities

1. a. What was the great test of our country in the war between the states? b. How does Lincoln in the last lines of his Gettysburg Address bring out this central issue? c. How do his words apply to our world situation today?

2. a. Read carefully "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," or "Massa's in the Cold Ground"; and point out what these songs by Stephen Foster suggest as to the old plantation life, and the poet's feeling about it. b. Procure one of the well-known negro spirituals: as, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Deep River." Tell what these folk songs show as to the Negro's finding, in religion, expression for his soul.

3. Engraved on the "Lincoln Memorial" in Washington, D.C., are paragraphs from his Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural Address. Find and read these two brief addresses, and point out which parts of them you think might well be chosen for such a memorial.

4. From *The Golden Book of Favorite Songs*, now being used by the M.I.A., find one or more songs created during the Civil War times, by those of the North or South or both.

5. Be prepared to name one novel or one drama you have read or have seen played, dealing with a theme out of the Civil War. Give, in a sentence or two something of the story.

References

American History in Verse, edited by Burton Stevenson.

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Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

Hill, J. W.: *Lincoln, A Man of God.*

Mitchell: *Gone With the Wind.*

Sherwood, R. E.: *Abe Lincoln in Illinois.*

Stowe, Harriet Beecher: *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Literature Course—The Gospel as a Way of Life

Lesson 7—The Abundant Life, Here and Hereafter

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, April 15, 1947

MOST of the biblical accounts of the teachings of Jesus concern themselves with illustrative parables that he used to emphasize a principle of conduct or belief. Seldom is there a statement that can serve as a concrete summary of his teachings. Perhaps one of the best is contained in his sermon that stressed the need for reliance upon his teachings and the acceptance of him as the door to the kingdom of God. Stressing the fact that, unlike the thief who came to steal, kill or destroy, he came to give men life, he stated: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10).

This expression, "The Abundant Life," has come to be thought of as one of the finest descriptions of the purpose of life that has ever been made, and while it is true that an abundant life may be obtained in this mortal sphere of action, the Lord's real thought in this expression had to do with the life to come. He promised those who follow him persecution, hate of the world, deprivation of many things, and this has been the history of his people, very largely, when they have faithfully served him. The true meaning of the abundant life is the reward of exaltation which is to come.

For this life, it implies that the Christian should be living a life that is full of goodness, joy, service, contentment, faith, vigor, righteousness, and all virtues that make life worthwhile.

Turning from the realm of abstract ideals to the physical world in which we live, requires that the abundant life be interpreted in terms of daily living and social conduct in our society. One of the most fundamental requirements for living abundantly is the enjoyment of good health—spiritually, mentally and physically. Nowhere is this fact stressed more clearly than in the Latter-day Saint Word of Wisdom (Doc. and Cov. 89). The Lord revealed this guide for living, stating the types of things that were detrimental to health, and then revealed a list of positive ways for improving health. It closes with a threefold promise: One who observes this law will have increased physical strength, increased knowledge, and greater spiritual power. It was not given as a restriction upon freedom, but to lead the world to a better understanding of the meaning of joyful living. Our modern world, on every hand, is full of inducements to indulge in those things that the Lord has condemned, and social pressure makes it the "smart thing" to do. But a careful observer notices that nothing tangible that can contribute

to lasting, abundant living, is offered in exchange for the indulgence.

One of the best arguments for the observance of the prohibitive elements of the Word of Wisdom that has ever come to our attention was a remark overheard in a conversation between two students at an institution of higher learning. A professor in a physiology class had stated that the smoking of six cigarettes a day apparently had no physiological effect upon the human system. A boy, addicted to the smoking habit, was trying to persuade a girl to join him in a smoke, meeting her arguments that it was unhealthy with the quotation from the professor's lecture. Finally the girl replied: "Suppose I do smoke six cigarettes a day, and suppose I have the will power not to smoke more than six a day, which I doubt I would have, if the habit were formed, what would I then have that I do not already possess, except stained fingers, a tobacco-smelling breath, and less money in my purse?" Her answer called for a statement of the merits of the habit, and he had nothing to offer. The same question might be asked whenever any food or drink that is unhealthful is offered for consumption.

Service to mankind was one of the teachings that Jesus urged upon his followers as a means of gaining the abundant life. His parable of the good Samaritan, as well as his teaching of the need to love our neighbor, as intensely as we love ourselves, are illustrations of his concept of service (see Luke 10:25-37).

The giving of our time, means, and talents for the benefit of others has proved to be one of the richest experiences in achieving abundant life. Within the Church, there is the basic system of giving, namely, that of the tithe. The Lord requires that we return to his Church the tenth that has been designated "The Lord's Tenth." In addition to this, there is the system of fast offerings which represent the money saved through abstaining from food for two meals on the first Sunday of each month.

In addition to these fixed practices, Church members are called upon to make donations for the erection of new chapels, or the remodeling of old ones. Many individuals spend large sums in support of missionaries sent to the people of the earth. Also, donations for Church Welfare projects and quorum activities make demands upon the financial resources of the saints.

During World War I, the government used a slogan in its bond-selling campaigns that read "Give till it hurts." Latter-day Saints have a better one. They give until it hurts, then keep on giving, until it feels good. They have learned the truth of Paul's quotation of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35). Giving of one's substance overcomes selfishness, creates an interest in the great social and spiritual work of the Church, and draws one closer to God. Proof of the increased ability to give, when once engaged in the process, is found in a recent statement by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., speaking before the Welfare workers of the South California Region in February 1946. He said:

> It is rather a curious thing to me that since we began this Welfare Plan and since we began calling upon the saints to give, our tithing has increased more than 150

per cent, and is still on the increase (*Deseret News, Church Section,* March 2, 1946, page 9).

The Order of Consecration and Stewardship during the Missouri period, the attempt at living the United Order in Utah, and now, the Church Welfare Plan, are all organized attempts that the Church has undertaken to afford the saints the opportunity of making their services to their fellow men more effective.

An essential element of abundant living is found in marriage and the home life built by this relationship. God instituted marriage and blessed it as an eternal institution. To mankind he gave the command to multiply and replenish the earth. The birth of a child brings with it the responsibility of parents to co-operate in the proper rearing of this child. Here is a great opportunity for service. The mother labors diligently, losing herself in service to her offspring, and the father, working diligently to provide the food, clothing, and shelter for those he loves, also loses himself in service to the next generation. In addition to providing for the physical needs, the parents have the obligation of providing further service to their children through teaching them proper spiritual habits and fine ideals (Doc. and Cov. 69:25-31). Co-operation, unselfishness, forgiveness, kindness, consideration, love, and duty are taught within the home better than any other place. The Latter-day Saint concept of the eternity of the marriage relationship is a dynamic power in married life, giving to it a degree of permanency that cannot be found elsewhere in the modern world.

Temple work affords one an opportunity to serve unselfishly one's kindred dead, with the knowledge of the joy being bestowed upon the recipients of the temple work. This represents losing oneself for the sake of the gospel, but finding a new life because of the increased joy that the unselfish service brings.

Jesus taught that not only must we love our neighbors or friends, but that we must also love our enemies. This means that we must learn the value of a forgiving mind. It is difficult to forgive when others have wronged us, yet this requirement is one of the fundamental principles of conduct. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus taught that we should seek out those whom we may have wronged and be reconciled (see Matt. 5:23-24). In this dispensation, the Lord has again placed upon the saints the responsibility to make peace with those who offend them (see Doc. and Cov. 42:88, 89). It is difficult, but it is the Christian thing to do, and is the first step toward the realization of the ideal of loving one's enemies. The Lord has said:

> Wherefore, I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another: for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin. I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (Doc. and Cov. 64:9-10).

An element that is essential to the abundant way of living, but often lost sight of in our modern world, is the opportunity we have to worship our Eternal Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. He has told us that on the Lord's day we are to go to our houses of worship and offer our donations, partake of the sacrament-

al emblems, and offer prayers of thanksgiving, gratitude and praise, as well as prayers for our needs (Doc. and Cov. 59:7-16).

Certainly, our prayers should emphasize our gratitude and thanks, not merely supplicate for our wants. In order to draw close to God in our devotions, we must worship intelligently. The Lord stated in Doctrine and Covenants 93:19, that he was revealing the information contained in that section that we might understand and know how to worship and know what we worship. Only when the human soul comes in tune with divinity is that soul able to live on the level of abundant life.

In spite of all the requirements placed upon members of the Church, both financial and service requirements, the gospel does not require one to live the life of an unhappy person. The ideal of joy has always been a basic interpretation of our attitude toward life (II Nephi 2:25). The joyous life is a good life. A good life is a clean life. A clean life is a worshipful life, and a worshipful life is one that is lived in conformity with the spirit of the gospel. When one is healthy, generous with his material wealth, has a good home, and a happy married life, gives himself in the service of others, learns forgiveness and love of those who offend him, and has learned to approach God in the true spirit of worship, his life should be radiantly happy, because he has found the path that leads to the abundant life that Jesus came to give mankind on this sphere of existence, as well as in the world to come, by earning individual exaltation in the kingdom of God.

Discussion and Activity Problems

1. Have a member of the class report on the personal joys that come to those who observe the Word of Wisdom.
2. Why do you suppose that temple work for the dead is so satisfying to those who perform the vicarious work?
3. How do you account for the fact that there has been such a great increase in the payment of tithes since the Church Welfare Plan began operation?
4. What is your personal feeling toward the doctrine of becoming reconciled to those who have offended you, as given in Matt. 5:23-24 and Doctrine and Covenants 42:88-89?
5. Why is the "abundant life" a truly happy life?
6. What relationship do you see between the 13th Article of Faith and the "abundant life"
7. What is the "abundant life" in the hereafter?

References

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LATITUDE

Dorothy J. Roberts

There must be winter, that no fraying leaf
Hang in shreds and thin the summer shade;
And this clean severing and harvest sheaf
Of death, and seed, and a world, remade.

Social Science—The Family in the Gospel Plan

Lesson 6—Constructive Use of Time

Social Science Committee, Leone O. Jacobs, Chairman

For Tuesday, April 22, 1946

"Thou shalt not idle away thy time" (Doc. and Cov. 60:13).

"ARE we getting the most out of life?" is a question worthy of serious consideration. Someone has said, "The people of America are getting nowhere fast." The tempo of life today is such that we may easily lose sight of the course which brings true happiness and contentment. Do we follow a pattern of life which includes the real values, or do we clutter up our lives with many nonessentials?

Are our lives ruled by chance, or by choice? Do we do the things that just happen to come along, or do we choose what we shall do because it yields good returns? With our lives so full, and with so many demands on our time, discrimination is important. "Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing that which contributes most to our lasting happiness."

What are the essentials of life? What could well be eliminated? The National Safety Council puts out a little circular called "A Check List for Safety." It points out various essentials which should be examined in each home to ensure the physical safety of members of that household. Let us consider "A Check List for Safety" to ensure a well-rounded life, not only for physical safety, but for mental and spiritual safety as well.

Religion Essential

The Savior said, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things (meaning food and drink and clothing) shall be added unto you." Thus we learn that religion should be basic to our lives. It is a *must* on the check list for safety. Worldly pleasures and accumulations should only be added to spiritual development. The time spent in fulfilling religious assignments, attending Church meetings, in studying the gospel, and teaching it to our children, is an essential part of our schedule.

No time is better spent than that time devoted to personal and family prayers. Participating in family prayer can do much to closely unite a family and to fortify its members against each day's temptations.

> Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessing—yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent thereof (Doc. and Cov. 19:38).

Since the gospel of Jesus Christ embraces all that is good and true, there is no danger of leaving out anything of value if we live the gospel in its fullest sense. It is part of our gospel to care for our bodies—to do everything in our power to promote good health. This means many things: eating properly, ab-

staining from those things which are detrimental to health, getting sufficient rest, and some wholesome recreation. It is unwise for people to live at such a high speed that they endanger their health.

Recreation

We know that pleasure and recreation are also important to health and happiness, but there is a tendency today to overemphasize recreation. Young people, and many older ones, feel that if they do not go out several nights a week, the world is passing them by. Many social events are scheduled for each night, so that people are forced either to choose one and miss the others or, in some instances, to visit for a short period at several functions.

This lessens the real enjoyment derived from any one occasion. When there is an excess of anything, it cannot be fully enjoyed. More pleasure is derived from one party, anticipated as a real occasion, than parties every night in the week, which become commonplace.

Many people are surfeited with pleasure and cannot get happiness from simple recreation. Does being continually on the go bring peace and contentment, more love and appreciation of each other, and of life in general? Certainly not. We hear men reminisce about the pleasant times spent with old friends in throwing horseshoes or playing checkers. These are simple, leisurely pleasures, but filled with as much interest as many we might mention. Indiscriminate attendance at movies is detrimental, although some are worthwhile, many are more degrading than uplifting.

A gentleman about sixty years of age was asked how he had enjoyed his recent trip to Yellowstone Park. "Oh, it wasn't much," he replied. "We were gone only four days, including going and coming, and we didn't have time to see much or stop along the way to visit anyone. Just hurry there and hurry back. But the trip I really enjoyed there was the one we took about thirty years ago, when we went with a team and wagon, and were gone a whole month. We had time to get a good look at the scenery before we sped by, and to get out and fish if we wanted, or to lay over an extra night if it stormed, and to stop and visit friends and relatives along the way. Ah! the good old days!" We do need more time to enjoy and appreciate the simple beauties around us.

If the time of the Sabbath day is spent in pleasure seeking, the blessings of that day are forfeited. There is a purpose for the Sabbath day in our lives. If we abuse this day, and make of it a holiday, instead of holy day, we are depriving ourselves of a blessing—we are forfeiting a part of a well-balanced life. People should plan their recreation for Saturday, at least for Saturday afternoons. And evenings may provide time in which to participate in most forms of recreation.

Perhaps we have more pleasure seeking than is necessary, or even good for us. Maybe we affiliate ourselves with too many social organizations. More time in which to associate with our families and relatives would be beneficial. Which brings us to another "must".

Family Association

Love, and home and family associations are the mainsprings of life.

Children should be the prime consideration of every married couple, for they bring the greatest joy, and are the finest contribution to the world that it is possible to make. The home is no longer the center of association that it has been. It has become, in too many instances, just a place in which to sleep—more or less a stop-over station between appointments. If we but realized it, the members of our immediate families are the people in all the world most interested in our welfare and happiness. The more closely we mingle with them, the richer will be our lives. One writer says:

> The family is that fellowship of parents and children, created and promoted through the sharing of vital interests. The relationship within the family is not a thing, a definitely and finally established bond, but is a process which goes on continuously among persons. When the interests shared are many and vigorous and significant, the relationship waxes warm and secure and precious. When the interests shared are few or weak or trivial, the relationship wanes, gets thin and illusory, becomes mechanized. Going through the form of getting married and the ordeal of having a baby does not automatically make a family. It provides the essential persons, but they must achieve the fellowship distinctive of a family before they are a family in spirit and in truth.

Is there anything we can do to further this family spirit? Some people say, "Well, that's the way the world is today. There's nothing we can do about it." But society is made up of individual families, and we can slowly, but surely do something constructive about the activities of our immediate family.

One very busy mother, who gives lessons in elocution, in addition to her household duties, drives with her husband quite often to another town some forty miles away, on business. He likes her to accompany him, and no matter what she has planned for the day, she arranges to go with him. "First things first," she says, and she thinks her husband should be first. They are an unusually happy and harmonious couple.

An old proverb says, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Some mothers make a fetish of keeping the house spotless, but send the children out to play with no restrictions nor supervision, in order to keep the house clean. Some wiseacre said, "Some women are so antiseptic in housekeeping that a germ can't live in it, and a man won't." Still a clean house is important, but not as important as properly training and supervising a child, and in having a warm feeling of welcome and comfort in the home. No amount of time can be spent to better advantage than in training a child.

One immaculate housekeeper says she sets herself certain duties to perform each day and, come what may, she does not stop until they are all finished. Such an attitude is not wisdom. Cleaning house is not so vital that time cannot be taken out for occasions of companionship and culture.

It behooves us to take some little time in which to read the happenings of the day and the progress of science—in other words, we should keep abreast of the times and store our minds with the fine knowledge that is around us. Reading of inferior literature is definitely a waste of time and should be discontinued.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," said Benjamin Franklin. Time is precious, and

each of us has the same amount at his disposal each day. The success of our individual lives is determined by how we use each short, twenty-four hours of time.

Brigham Young said:

Now, sisters, if you will consider these things you will readily see that time is all the capital stock there is on the earth; and you should consider your time golden, it is actually wealth, and, if properly used, it brings that which will add to your comfort, convenience, and satisfaction. Let us consider this, and no longer sit with hands folded, wasting time, for it is the duty of every man and of every woman to do all that is possible to promote the Kingdom of God on the earth (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 330; 1941 edition page 214).

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the essentials of life?
2. Are people in general seeking pleasure too avidly? Discuss.
3. How may we slow down the pace of living?

References

Doctrine and Covenants, 93:53; 88:118, 124.

Smith, Pres. Joseph F.: *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 295-296.

TO A ROBIN IN WINTER

Aileen M. Overfelt

Poor little robin, so tired on the wing,
Too late in the winter, too early for spring.
Why did you linger, why didn't you go
Before winter came with ice and with snow?

Come into my cottage, my poor feathered friend,
Stay here with me until the cold winter's end.
Then sit by my window, the first day of spring,
And caroling gaily, your happiness sing!

DESERTED CABIN

Maude Blixt Trone

The little house that knew so much of singing,
So much of laughter when the herders came,
Is locked and shuttered tight against the stinging
Of canyon blizzards; now there is no flame
To light the darkened forest; and no neighing
Of saddle horses tethered to a post;
No tinkling spurs, no stories, and no playing
Of mountain music; no table laid, no host.
The yard tree stands a dark and naked splinter;
Those who went away will never know
How desolate the little house in winter,
How deep the snow.

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